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January

MODERN Screen



Ann Harding

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Jean Harlow's trousseau

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★JEAN HARLOW
★LIONEL BARRYMORE
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★EDMUND LOWE
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★MADGE EVANS ★KAREN MORLEY
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Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER

Produced by David O. Selznick

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METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

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SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE — AND A DANCE FLOOR — BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"–and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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MODERN Screen

FEATURES

GARBO FALLS IN LOVE Mary Ann Stevens 12
The Queen of Mystery succumbs to Cupid! What will the outcome be?

—AND CLARA BOW GOES GARBO Gladys Hall 13
Fact! The Brooklyn Bonfire craves solitude, the company of Rex Bell, and a good book or two

NO ROMANCE BALLYHOO, PLEASE Carter Bruce 14
These sweet newlyweds, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, demand—and get—privacy

MY TEN FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD STORIES Irvin S. Cobb 16
The famous humorist recalls chuckles from Talkie Town

JEAN HARLOW'S TROUSSEAU Virginia T. Lane 24
The most glamorous blonde has the most glamorous clothes! Look and see!

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A CROONER Walter Ramsey 28
The life of Dick Powell is the story of a regular guy, crooner or no crooner

IF YOU MET MAX BAER Katherine Albert 32
Der Maxie, you'll discover, is like no one you ever met before

MARTYRS TO AMBITION Faith Baldwin 34
An article that will make you think—and wonder—and feel rather sad

DICK CROMWELL SURPRISES YOU Caroline Somers Hoyt 40
The glamorous women in his life would put to shame a Casanova

JOAN CRAWFORD'S "DANCING LADY" CONTEST 43
Marvelous Prizes! Lots of fun! Read the details

COULD YOU "TAKE IT"? Barbara Barry 46
The Mad Marxes make the life of their stooge, Margaret Dumont, miserable. But she loves it!

HOW A STAR WAS CREATED Charles Beahan 50
Margaret Sullavan meant what she said. But—she changed her mind. Why?

WITH HEARTBREAK BETWEEN THE LINES Adele Whitely Fletcher 54
You'll be amazed at the lonely letters—begging letters—despairing letters the stars receive

REPENTING AT LEISURE Martha Kerr 57
Judith Allen married for love but she married in haste, too. Read the inside story

I'VE DRESSED THEM ALL Howard Greer 62
This famous designer brings you more fascinating anecdotes

MODERN SCREEN MINIATURES

DAVID'S LOST LOVE Sonia Lee 66
David Manners' first love was too beautiful to last

GAMBLING FOR FREEDOM Jack Grant 66
All about an amusing pact between John Miljan and his wife

WHY HOLLYWOOD SPURNED HER Nanette Kutner 67
Have you wondered about Evelyn Brent? Here's the answer

HEAD OF THE FAMILY Jack Jamison 67
A charming story about little Cora Sue Collins that you'll adore

YOU CAN HAVE CLOTHES THE STARS WEAR Margery Wells 70
You really can! You might even win one—free! Read the details

DEPARTMENTS

REVIEWS—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES 6
Just criticisms of the current films

BETWEEN YOU AND ME 10
Your department—to express your views

THE HOLLYWOOD TIMES 35
Our last-minute newspaper

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW 36
Are you up on your low down about the stars? Here's the latest

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS 72
You can make them—so easily. And so inexpensively

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP 74
All the news on the latest fashion wrinkles —from the fashion center

THE MODERN HOSTESS Phyllis Deen-Dunning 76
Grand late-supper or after-party dishes that any hostess will want to know

BEAUTY ADVICE Mary Biddle 78
An expert tells you important facts about poise

DIRECTORY OF PICTURES 80
Short reviews of current films

And also: Portraits, 19; Picture News, 48; Gallery of Honor, 51; Babes in Joyland, 58; Double Christening, 60; These Mad Musicals, 64; Dressed for the Bowery, 68; Hats for Winter Dresses, 73.

ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

MARY BURGUM, Associate Editor — ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor — WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

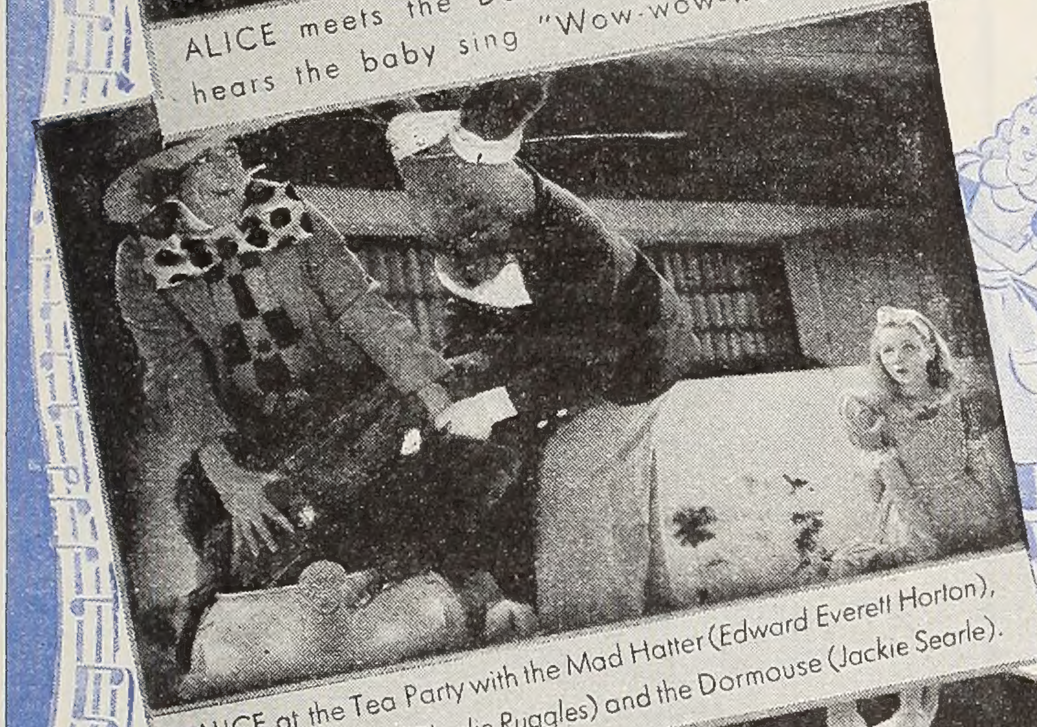
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow".



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).



ALICE . . . Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town





(Left) Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March and Gary Cooper in "Design for Living." (Right) Myrna Loy, Max Baer and Walter Huston in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO)

PERFECT. If all the superlatives in the following reviews were grouped together—and another dozen added—there still wouldn't be enough to express adequately the beauty, the sheer loveliness of this masterpiece. This is the picture of pictures and should go down as one of the finest things ever tackled in the film industry.

Besides the delightfully human story (one you are all familiar with), marvelous photography and brilliant direction, you have the privilege of watching the performances of the most perfect cast ever assembled, headed by Katharine Hepburn, than whom there is none better. She was grand in "Bill of Divorcement" and "Morning Glory." She is amazing in this! You'll long remember her Jo March.

Joan Bennett as Amy, the youngest of the March clan, was a delicious surprise. We didn't know she was such a swell actress. Jean Parker as Beth and Frances Dee as Meg topped anything they have ever done. Spring Byington was ideal as Mother March. Edna May Oliver as the aunt, Paul Lukas as Professor Baer, Douglas Montgomery as Laurie and Henry Stephenson as Mr. Lawrence were all outstanding. And a special bouquet to George Cukor, the director.

But why say more? See it for yourself, and you will agree that it is one of the greatest. It is a picture that will be enjoyed and wept over by everyone.

[● Recommended
●● Specially recommended
Brief reviews on page 80.]

●● Little Women
●● The Prizefighter and the Lady
●● Footlight Parade
●● Only Yesterday
●● Eskimo
●● Man's Castle
●● Design for Living
● King for a Night
●● The World Changes
● Christopher Bean
●● Broadway Through a Keyhole
● The Mad Game
● The House on 56th Street
White Woman
The Invisible Man
The Worst Woman in Paris
● Female
Olsen's Big Moment
● My Woman
● The Kennel Murder Case
Special Investigator
● Havana Widows
Hell and High Water
College Coach

THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M)

EXTRA SPECIAL. This film excels anything ever done in this line. The story packs a terrific wallop. The fight between Max Baer and Primo Carnera is alone worth the price of admission. Besides this, there's a swell love story, glorious acting, including the surprise performance of Baer, and direc- (*Continued on page 8*)

Beauty Contest!

Get a Camay Complexion and You'll be Admired Wherever You Go

"BEAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest Won! *The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.*

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

(*Continued from page 6*)

tion and photography that are pretty well-nigh perfect.

Briefly, the story concerns the cocky but likeable Steve Morgan (Baer) who becomes a runner-up for champ through the efforts of his manager, Walter Huston. He woos and weds Myrna Loy, sweetie of Willy Ryan (Otto Kruger), big nightclub racketeer. Success, plus feminine flattery, goes to Steve's over-sized head—and Myrna walks out on him. In a rage, Steve fires his manager, goes on a drinking orgy and winds up in a sad condition for the big fight with the world's champ (Primo Carnera).

You'll like Baer as an actor. He makes the character of Steve Morgan ring true and his song and dance number is a knockout. Myrna Loy gives a fine, sympathetic performance. Otto Kruger plays brilliantly and Huston does his usual swell work.

You're bound to like this. The kids will love it and fight fans will literally eat it up. See it by all means.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners)

MARVELOUS MUSICAL. Here is the best yet turned out by the studio that gave us "42nd Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933." The story is so good for this type of picture that it rates special mention. Busby Berkeley deserves a great hand for his dance numbers, which are better than ever.

And what a cast: Jimmy Cagney does his rôle of the musical producer in a fast, sizzling tempo. He should be in love with his secretary (Joan Blondell) but, instead, he falls for a dizzy, blonde golddigger. Don't worry, he finds out in time to clinch with Joan. Then, there's that team of Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, who give you some great numbers that will send you away whistling. Frank McHugh . . . Guy Kibbee . . . Hugh Herbert . . . but why say more?

The big climax comes when Jimmy is forced (in two short days) to show three new stage ideas in three different theatres, miles apart. The shows are knockouts. The rush from one theatre to another is made via bus—and the girls dress and undress therein. Then—the leading man breaks down and who do you suppose steps into his place. Right—James Cagney!

Take the whole family to this one and you'll see a great show.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal)

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. 'Tis seldom one runs across a picture that is so human and pathetic that even the most hardened need not be ashamed of a tear. The picture begins in the year 1929, just as the market crashes. Then there is a flash-back to the entry of our boys into the World War—"which seems only yesterday."

For the remainder of the story we are shown the history of two young sweethearts (Margaret Sullavan and John Boles). Of their pre-war romance . . . his sailing before the wedding could be arranged . . . and his return. He is a father, but he doesn't even recognize the mother!

Margaret Sullavan, new to the screen, makes as delightful and interesting an entrance to motion pictures as we have ever seen. She is a superb actress—a different personality. John Boles gives a fine, restrained performance. Billie Burke, playing the rôle of the girl's aunt, does nicely and Reginald Denny handles capably the rôle of Billie's husband.

While this picture is not particularly recommended for children, it is placed on the "must see" list for all others.

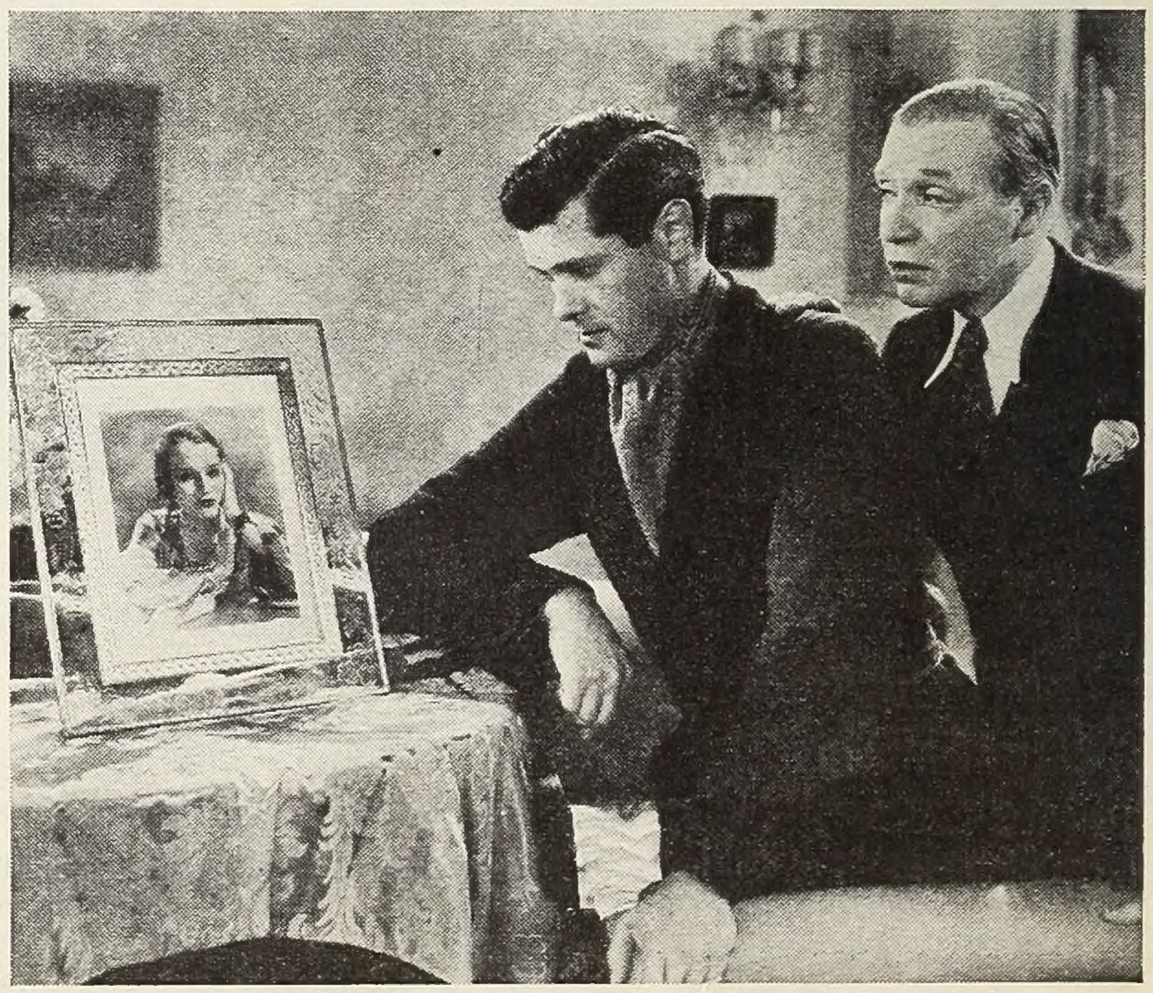
(*Continued on page 95*)



George Brent and Ruth Chatterton who are teamed in "Female."



Paul Lukas and Katharine Hepburn in the delightful "Little Women."



Paul Kelly and Hugh O'Connell in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

Naturally....Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first dramatic hit!



The star of the month—in a story from the book-of-the-month—makes *the picture of the month*, as Warner Bros. again team the author and star of "Little Caesar" . . . This roaring, real life drama of a "plunger" of the tracks, wagering body and soul—hazarding love and life, is hailed by a million readers as W. R. Burnett's greatest story...awaited by fifty million theatre-goers as Robinson's greatest picture!

Edw. G. Robinson in "DARK HAZARD"

A First National Picture with Genevieve Tobin • Glenda Farrell • Directed by Alfred E. Green

BETWEEN YOU and ME

What have you to say about the movies and its players? Remember, this page is reserved for your opinions, so please air 'em

Dear Friends:

Keep your eye on Jean Muir, who appears in "The World Changes"; Paul Kelly in "Broadway Through a Keyhole"; Margaret Sullavan, in "Only Yesterday"; Evelyn Venable in "Cradle Song"; Fred Astaire in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio."

I think most, if not all, of these players are headed for big things. When you've seen them, drop me a line and give me your honest reaction.

Already you're expressing rabid and widely divergent opinions on Mae West, and her chances for continued success. My thought is that Mae went too far in "I'm No Angel"—the twisting of every possible situation into a sex gag palled on me. Maybe I'm wrong. What did you think?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Opinions of a "Neutral" Fan

A "WELL WISHER" of Mussoorie, India, says:

I have a deep admiration of American talkies. Therefore, being neither English nor American, I speak without prejudice in making a serious criticism of the appalling voices and accents of many of the players.

Admittedly, Americanese for Americans, but producers should remember that Hollywood films are not made for the American public alone. They are shown and heard all over the world, on which Hollywood depends greatly from the financial point of view.

My criticism applies chiefly to featured players and supporting casts. The stars, with few exceptions, speak very well. Nothing could be more attractive than the voices and pronunciation of Ronald Colman, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis or William Powell. But George Raft, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel and many others; well, it's just too bad!

British films are making strides in popularity against the American and it is partly due to this voice question. So, Hollywood, look sharp and try to improve matters immediately, if you want to retain your place of supremacy in the film world.

A Great Big Hand for the Big Bad Villain

OVA HUNT of Huntsville, Ala., proves herself fair-minded when she says:

Sometimes I think movie fans judge players by the roles they portray rather than their acting ability. This is most unfair. Of course, it is only natural that we be thrilled when the hero gets the upper hand in the picture, but when it comes to comparing players or judging talent, what about the villain? He usually has the most difficult role in the cast, a role that requires much rehearsing and demands good acting. Watch him in the next picture and see if I'm not right. So, let us give more praise to Jack LaRue, Irving Pichel and others who play these difficult parts. They certainly deserve it. So here's mine.

A Big Bouquet for Lee

MARIE LA ROCHE of London, England, writes from abroad to say:

I am not in the habit of writing raves, nor am I the hysterical type who goes crazy over each new screen personality. But, after seeing Lee Tracy's latest mirth-quake, I simply must get some of my admiration for this unique actor off my chest.

Mr. Tracy seems to actually live each character he portrays and interprets a role in an inimitable way. This man is a comic genius. He can have you "in the aisles" with laughter one moment, gripping the sides of your seat with excitement at his amazing speed the next, and yet he is able to bring a lump to your throat quicker than any other actor when portraying an emotional scene. He has great sincerity. What a wonderful character he made of the bewildered and lovable "Private Jones." Some of the scenes in this film were the most poignant I have ever seen.

And so, all hail to the finest actor on the screen. We cannot see enough of this charming wisecracker.

Here's for Wholesome Entertainment!

IDA M. BELL of Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

We—and I speak for a host of movie-goers—would welcome another Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter film. Many of us are weary of crook dramas, sordid stories and jazzy tales and turn to this wholesome type of entertainment as a flower turns to glorious sunshine.

Both Gaynor and Baxter have the gift of innate charm and appeal. They both have the power of bringing out the romance in a picture and making it shine. Together, they have had two cinema successes—"Daddy Long Legs" and "Paddy the Next Best Thing." How about a third?

(We're all for it, too. Perhaps when the powers that be at Fox read this, the idea will appeal to them.)

Praise for Another Tracy

R. E. McCANN of Pacific Grove, Calif., says:

Unless I am very much mistaken, there is a certain actor who is fast reaching the top of his profession and is also winning the admiration of many a movie-goer.

It is Spencer Tracy who is making a place for himself, a unique place—different from all the rest.

What that "something" about him is, is difficult to say, but after seeing "The Power and the Glory," I can only quote, "You can't judge him by ordinary standards—he was too big." And Spencer Tracy is too big, has too deep an understanding of the character he plays to be regarded merely as one of many.

Some Praise for Garbo and Gilbert

MRS. J. E. TURNER of Seattle, Wash., writes:

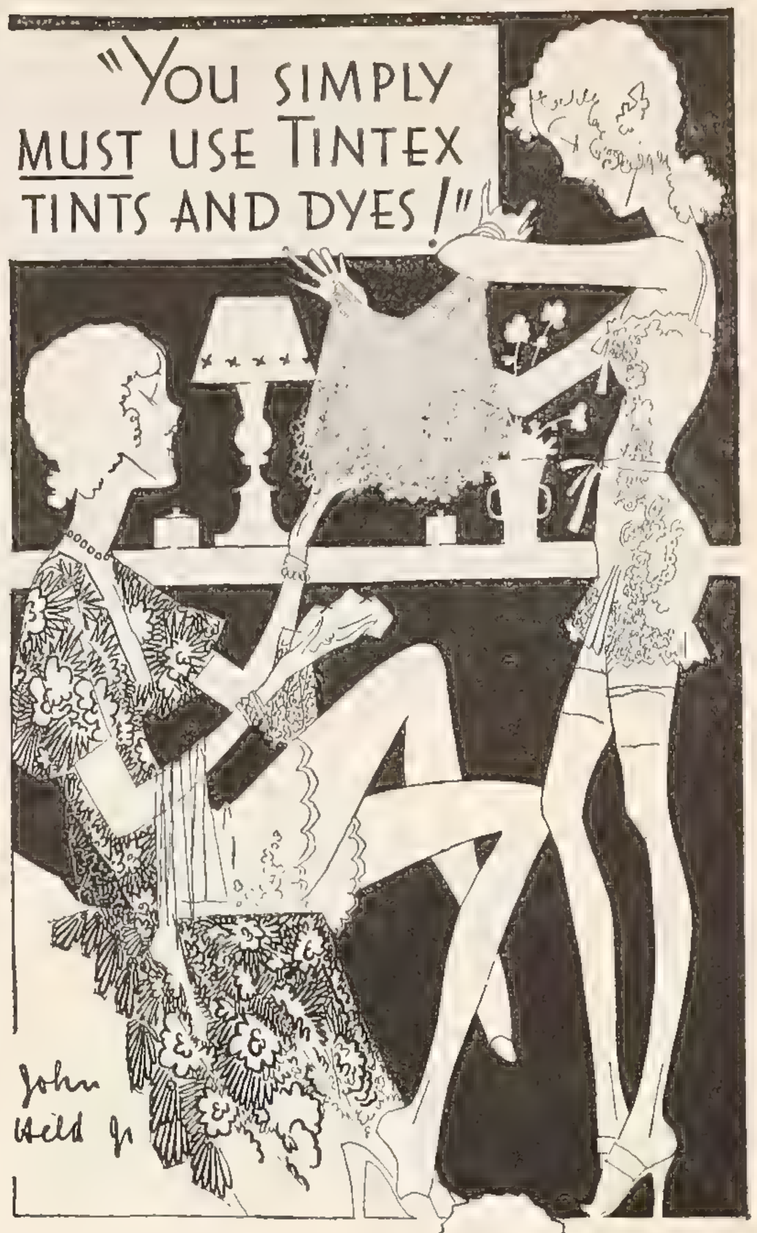
I can hardly wait for the picture, "Queen Christina," to be released

(Continued on page 83)



It's Smart to Use Tintex!

These famous Tints and Dyes mean a more fashionable Wardrobe—lovelier Home Decorations—at less cost!





IT'S smart to use Tintex—*smart* because it brings Fashion's newest colors to every washable fabric—*smart* because it saves you many, many dollars.

If anything in your wardrobe or home decorations is faded, Tintex restores its original color. Or gives them an entirely different color, if you wish. That's the *beauty* of Tintex.

Just "tint as you rinse"—it takes but a few minutes. That's the *simplicity* of Tintex.

It costs but a few cents to duplicate high-priced professional work. That's the *economy* of Tintex. Be smart! Start using Tintex today. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors.

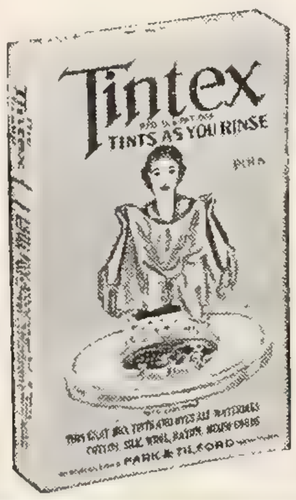


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Tintex

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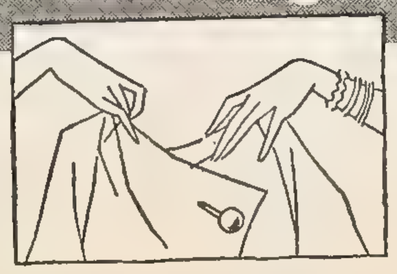
PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*



To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



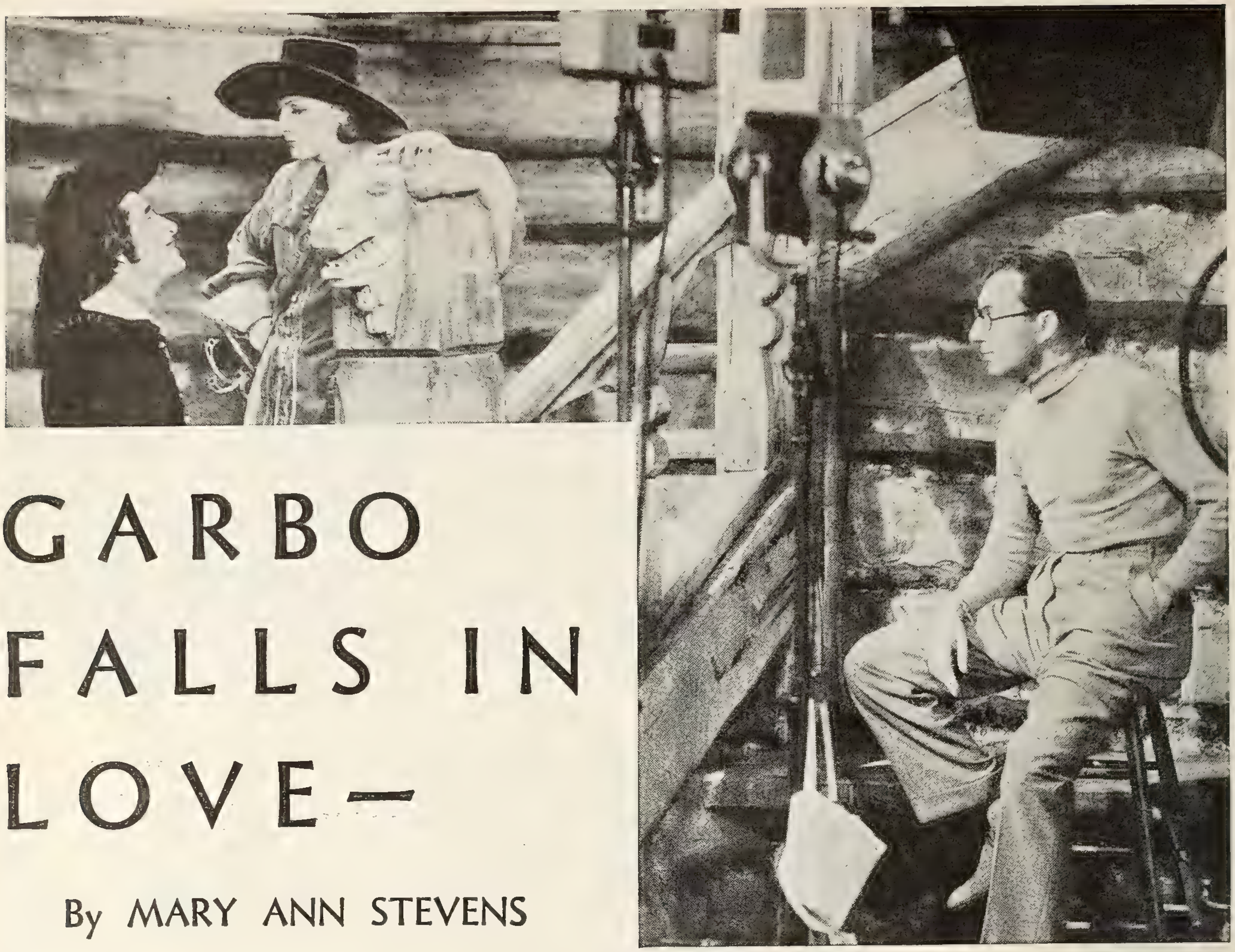
Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.



GARBO FALLS IN LOVE—

By MARY ANN STEVENS

(Above) On the "Queen Christina" set. A set that is seething with emotion! Garbo in love—? How does Gilbert feel about it? And Rouben Mamoulian?

THE drama of that almost legendary figure out of Swedish history, the royal Queen Christina who masqueraded as a boy, now being enacted before the cameras of Culver City, cannot be half so exciting as the thing that has happened behind the cameras during the filming of the picture.

Garbo has fallen in love! This time, with her new director, Rouben Mamoulian.

Only a few people on the M-G-M lot know of it—the privileged few who work daily on the set with Garbo, and the members of the cast.

Jack Gilbert knows it. Jack—who was once himself so madly, so publicly, so obviously in love with the glamorous Swede that his very existence was dependent upon her momentary favor.

It is a strange story, and no one yet knows what the consequences will be. For Garbo at her most docile and phlegmatic has struck terror to the hearts of the M-G-M executives with her quiet, but none the less forceful, decisions to work or rest as the mood struck her.

With Garbo it was a case of love at first sight. You read recently in Modern Screen of the beautiful gesture which Garbo made upon her return from Sweden when she heard of the plight of Jack Gilbert.

She was, of course, interested that Gilbert give a good account of himself, not alone for his sake, but for the sake of her picture. She had taken this stand. Now it was up to him to make good.

And then she met her new director, and what has happened to the aloof, silent Garbo seems to have blotted out all consideration for anything, anyone else.

It is as if this woman who was born to simulate and portray passion had never been in love, never known love before, as if her schoolgirl worship for the tragic genius of Mauritz Stiller, her brooding gratefulness which sometimes blazed into love for the devoted and adoring Gilbert, were but preludes to the *grande passion* she now feels.

Her affection is so openly displayed on the set, her sudden interest so intense, that it has all but interfered with the progress of the picture. Everyone on the set knows—and wonders!

She does not mind. She must always be looking at Mamoulian, those slumbrous eyes lighting suddenly with admiration—and more.

And how does Mamoulian return this affection? No one knows, yet. No one dares ask. When a queen falls in love it does not seem quite the thing for one to ask the favored one how he feels about it. How should he feel? Yet there are those cynics (and Hollywood has more than its share) who say, "Mamoulian is, of course, anxious to get a good picture, and he may be—well—just diplomatic. And it must be an easy matter to be diplomatic in such a situation." But time holds the solution.

And time, too, holds another solution.

What of Jack Gilbert, Jack Gilbert who is trying to, who *must* make his come-back in this picture? How must he be feeling? What are his emotions as he watches the progress of this latest Hollywood affair!

YOU say he is no longer in love with Garbo. And you are right. You say it cannot affect him. I am not so sure of *that*. For he had no sooner stepped onto the set to begin work than Garbo lost interest in him completely. It was as if he were someone hired to do a job, not (*Continued on page 87*)





J. B. Scott

AND CLARA BOW GOES GARBO

By GLADYS HALL

(Top) Clara Bow and Rex Bell, her husband, at the opening o. "Hoopla." This is the only première Clara has attended for ages. She hasn't changed. She's being herself for the first time in her heretofore unhappy life. (Left) A "typical" Bow pose—from "Hoopla!"

READ this story carefully. Make note of the title. Cast an eye on the pictures. Otherwise you may suppose that there has been a typographical error and that this story and the one on the opposite page have been accidentally switched.

Nothing of the kind, however, has happened. This is a Bow story.

Clara tanks-she-go-home—and goes.

Clara never goes to parties, openings (her own picture, "Hoopla," rated an exception), the fights, the Grove, the Vendome or any of the places where stars foregather to make a little merry-merry.

Clara wears no make-up off the set. You wouldn't recognize her as Clara Bow if you met her face to face under the noonday sun.

Clara wears old clothes and takes hikes.

Clara has a No Visitors sign on her set. Just like Garbo. If you should commit the criminal blunder of stumbling onto the Garbo set you would be guillotined. Ditto for Bow.

Clara almost never gives interviews and may go so completely Garbo as never to give one again from this time forth.

Clara is wearing spectacles. She has a slight astigmatism. She doesn't care a rap—about wearing the glasses, I mean.

Clara has the body of a Mae West, she has the smart-cracking line on the screen, the young voluptuousness, the come-see-me-sometime eyes and curves. *She has the lone-wolf spirit of the lonely Swede.*

ALMOST from the beginning Clara has played a lone hand. Almost from the beginning Garbo played a lone hand. I say "almost" because, in the very beginning, Garbo did go to social affairs, did give interviews, did pose in shorts and bathing suits and what-nots for photographers.

Even in her troubles, her newspaper notoriety and other unpleasantnesses, Clara has been, more or less, obscure and alone. When she was sued (as who is not?) it was by a little, salaried secretary. (*Continued on page 101*)

(Below) A picture taken after their runaway marriage at Rye, New York. Oh, yes—they'll pose for an occasional picture. To refuse would only make the press more avid. But no hand-holding or lovey-dovey poses! Nossir!





. . . NO ROMANCE

WHEN Frances Dee and Joel McCrea had bought their marriage license, they started out to look for a little white church in which to be married. They had always wanted to be married in a white church. They found one in a small town called Rye, New York. It was a Methodist church and there they became man and wife.

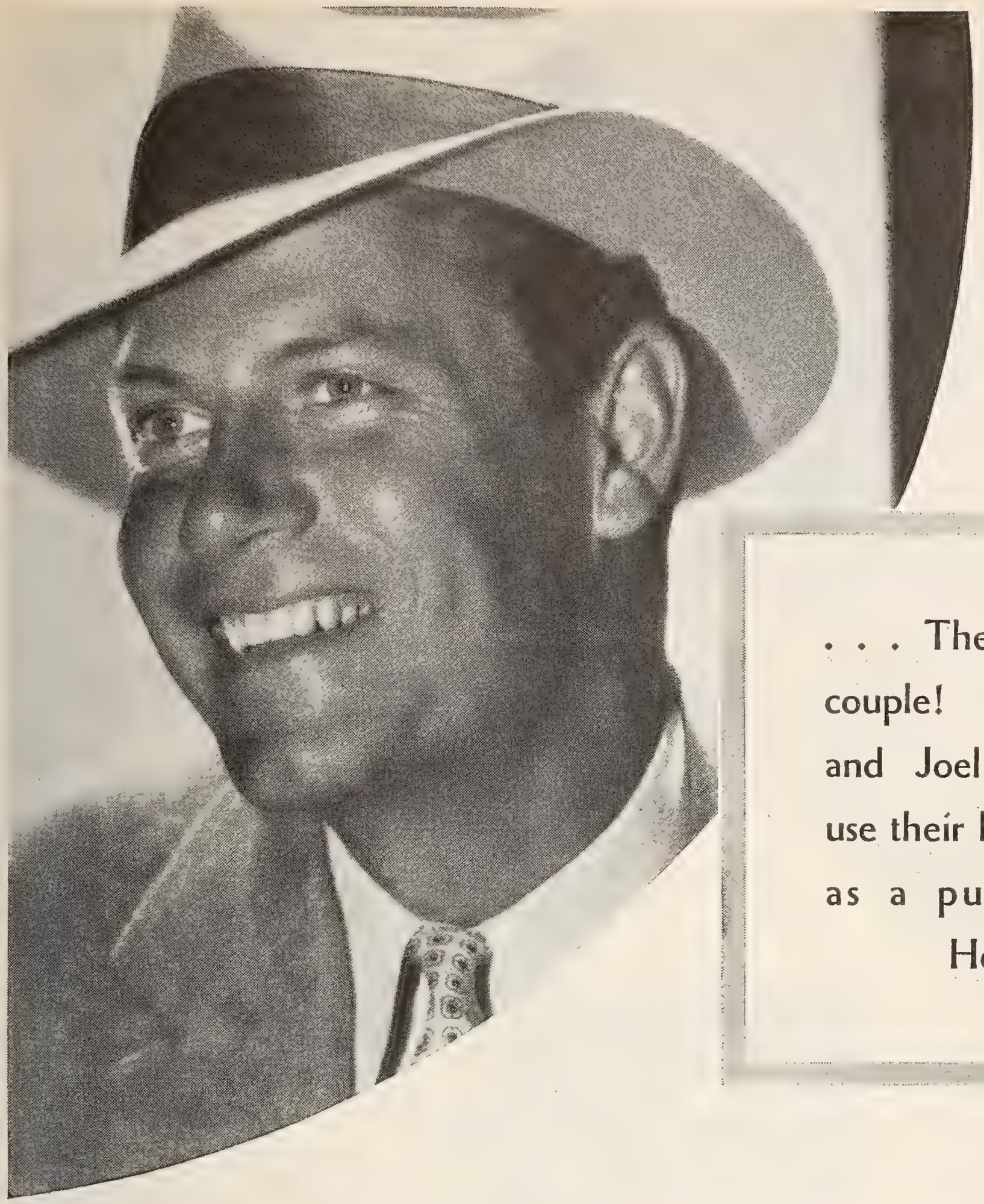
But neither Frances nor Joel told me about the little white church—nor any of the details in connection with their wedding. I got what facts I'm about to tell you from a close personal friend of theirs.

The one thing both Frances and Joel were set on was that there was to be no romance ballyhoo. And they were absolutely sincere—so sincere, in fact, that they did not run from newspaper reporters and photographers. This hide-and-seek game that many stars play with the press is a sure-fire method of getting publicity. Frances and Joel posed for their pictures together (but without arms entwined about each other). They talked to a few newspaper people (but without telling the reporters how much in love they were).

Though they had been engaged for several months, the wedding happened suddenly. Frances was at Fort Myer, Virginia, on location for her new picture, "Rodney." Something went wrong with the story and certain scenes had to be rewritten. The company told her she could go to New York for three days. That gave Frances an idea.

She telephoned Joel at once. He hopped in a plane immediately and the next day they were at City Hall getting their license. The reporters hadn't been tipped off. Nobody but the Chief Clerk knew who they were.

IT was Joel's first trip to New York, but when the friends who went with them tried to point out the Empire State Building and other points of interest, Joel gave New York's skyline only the merest glance. He was interested in just one thing—Frances.



By
CARTER
BRUCE

. . . The perfect married couple! But Frances Dee and Joel McCrea won't use their love and marriage as a publicity racket! Here's why

A studio executive volunteered to lend them his roadster for a couple of days, so they could drive out of town and find their little white church. Six days later the owner of the car as well as the other New York Radio Pictures executives were trying to find them. They turned up a week—to the day —after their marriage, contrite at having caused anybody any trouble, but too happy to care much. They had made one bow to Frances' career. They had telephoned her company at Fort Myer and discovered she wouldn't be needed.

And that was the way of the marriage and honeymoon of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. It was as simple as that—and done with no hectic front-page stories, no publicity, no ballyhoo.

It all came from an agreement they had made when they first became engaged. They were not—they promised each other—going to do the things that most Hollywood engaged couples do.

Before their marriage they agreed to make a personal appearance for their studio. It had just one string to it. "Not one word shall be said about our going together—and no informal pictures shall be taken of us together."

Of course, the boys in the RKO publicity department thought the couple were just kidding. They immediately sent out a story to the manager of the San Francisco theater where Frances and Joel were appearing to the effect that " . . . this charming new Hollywood romance . . . everyone expects them to elope on a moment's notice . . . they might even be married on this little trip."

However, exactly ten minutes before Frances and Joel were set to take their bows before the northern city audience, Frances got a look at the speech in the hands of the master of ceremonies. He was trying to memorize it and she caught such phrases as "Hollywood sweethearts . . . another charming romance . . . elopement."

She stalked to her dressing room; put on her hat. Joel was summoned, consulted, and just like *that* they started for the door marked exit. (*Continued on page 105*)

BALLYHOO, PLEASE!



These are the Camera Coast anecdotes which most amused America's famous humorist and connoisseur of wit. And so Irvin S. Cobb has written them down here for you

Cartoons by
F. G. COOPER

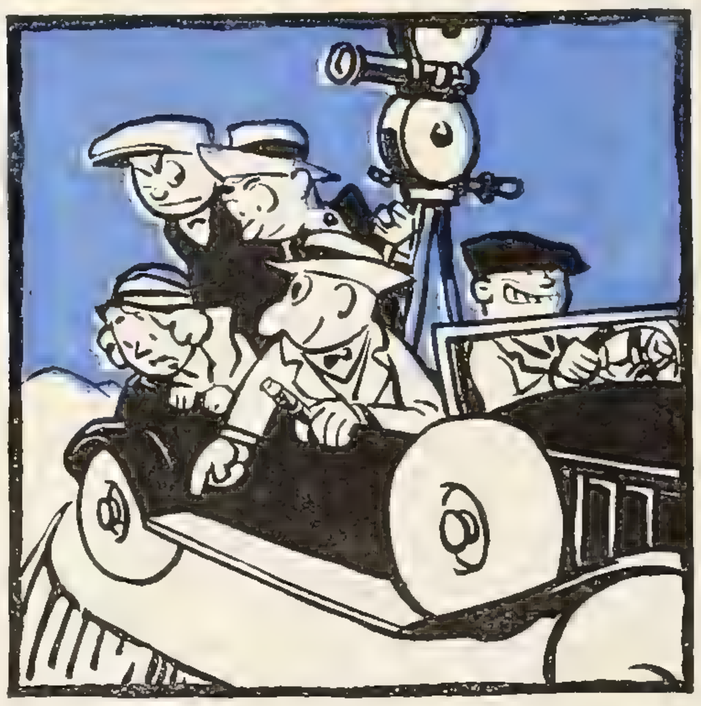
A man back from Hollywood brought with him two anecdotes regarding a gentleman who holds an important, indeed a commanding, position in one of the biggest of the studios. This gentleman chooses subjects for screening; he casts companies; he passes on details of location, of costuming and of treatment; he bosses directors and he issues orders to actors.

Once upon a time he was told that the editorial department of his plant looked with an eye of favor on the project of making a film version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Promptly he put his foot down on it.

"Nix," he said, "we wouldn't do it. The public is fed up on these here college plays with football players for heroes."

Later, he personally was supervising the taking of certain scenes of a comedy. In the script prepared from the author's scenario by the continuity writer, he came upon a line to the effect that the leading woman should be pictured as seated alone in a deep reverie.

"Come with me, you," he said, indicating the assistant director, the leading lady and the boss camera-man. "I got just the place



for taking this here piece of business."

He loaded the puzzled trio into an automobile, got in himself and bade the driver take them along a certain road winding into the foothills above Los Angeles. After an hour or so of steady travel, they came to where a narrow but precipitous canyon cut into the contours of the landscape. Here the leader of the expedition gave orders to halt.

"There you are," he stated, with a wave of his arm, "you could look maybe for a week and nowhere you wouldn't find no deeper reverie for her to be setting in than this."

When General Neville, the hero of the defense of Verdun, made his tour of America he was the guest of honor at a big public reception in one of the Southern California hotels. Among those invited to greet the distinguished Frenchman were the more prominent members of the moving picture colony.

At the doors of General Neville's suite, Will Rogers met Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin, who in private life is a reserved and rather shy little man, was considerably fussed over the prospect ahead of him.

"I suppose we're expected to say a few words to the General," he confided to Rogers. "But for the life of me I can't think of the best way to start the conversation."

Rogers gave the problem a moment's earnest consideration.

"Well," he drawled, "why don't you ask him if he was in the war,



My ten favorite Hollywood Stories

by Irvin S. Cobb

and, if so, which side he was on? Then let nature take its course!"

● Shortly before Wilson Mizner, the famous wit of Hollywood, died, he was sitting in the Brown Derby when there entered a bright youth, newly arrived from New York. The young gentleman, having made a local hit writing gags for radio programs and Broadway patter comedians, had on the strength of his genius secured a contract to do comic continuities for one of the smaller movie concerns. Seeing Mizner hunched in a corner, he asked for an introduction. And as he clasped the bony hand of perhaps the greatest wise-cracker



America ever produced, he said:

"Mr. Mizner, I wonder how it's going to feel when two real humorists get together?"

And Mizner, out of the corner of his mouth, said: "Sucker, you'll never know!"

● A certain Hollywood actor got carried away by the spirit of these Repealish times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got



there. A friend sat beside him.

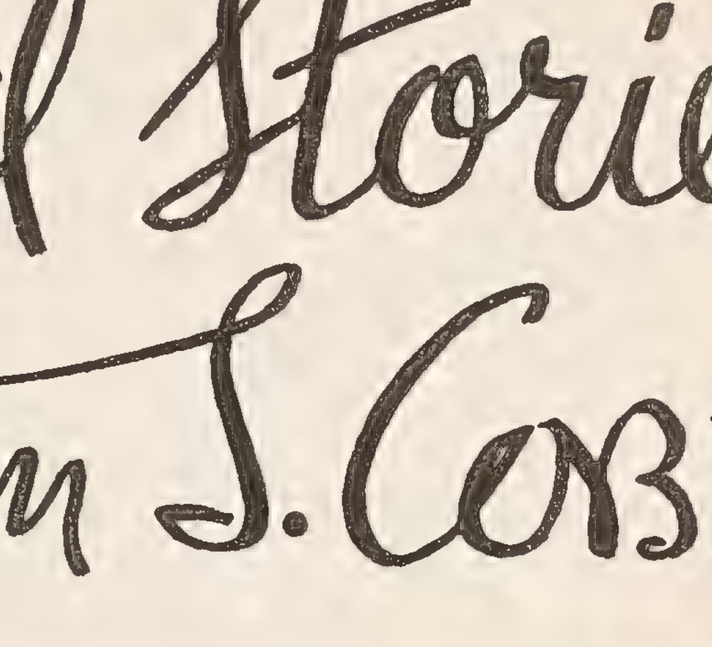
"Hello," he said, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.

● There is a certain young actor out there, who, when sober, is one of the most



companionable of men. But when he indulges in strong water, his nature changes. He becomes disputatious and occasionally quarrelsome. Such times, he delights to corner some acquaintance and pin him down to a definite position on a subject and debate the point for hours and hours and hours.

One night, being in one of these alcoholically promoted moods, he trapped a friend against the bar of a Los Angeles club.

"You go 'round saying you know so mush, don't you?" he demanded belligerently. "You go 'round saying you know so many people in this town, don't you? Thatsh kinda fellow you you are, aint' you —huh?"

"Not at all," protested the hapless friend. "I never—"

"Pleash don't contradict me," said the actor; "thatsh no way to carry on argument between gen'men. Lemme get (*Continued on page 93*)

COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!



DOLORES DEL RIO

See this grand, breath-catching climax of all screen musical entertainments! . . . A picture that gaily spurns the earth and chases Folly among the stars!

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

Heart-racing romance . . . so daring, so different . . . that your wildest dreams of a "music show" will come to enchanting fulfillment! . . . Thrilling stars, teasing tunes, delirious fun and gorgeous girls in scenes of ravishing beauty . . . The year's most exciting revel in the theatre bids you "Happy landing"

with

DOLORES DEL RIO
GENE RAYMOND · RAUL ROULIEN
GINGER ROGERS · FRED ASTAIRE

Music by VINCENT YOUMANS

An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs: . . . "Music Makes Me" . . . "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America . . . the hypnotising, compromising "Carioka"!



GENE RAYMOND



RAUL ROULIEN



FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS



Portraits

Katharine Hepburn's sudden snootiness toward news photographers is based upon perfectly understandable feminine vanity. The Hepburn freckles show up in a news photo, you see—they don't show under screen make-up. Katie, has a pet hat she has bought in Paris and wore in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," and now treasures in her own wardrobe. It's a good luck piece. Naturally, its style didn't suit "Little Women"—but perhaps it will appear in "Trigger," her next picture. On an ocean voyage she invariably gets sea sick.



Everyone on the set likes Paul Kelly. Everyone off the set does, too. He's a smiling Irish lad with a friendly manner and a firm handclasp. Paul was recruited to the film ranks to play an important role in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Now he is making a gangster story called, "Gentlemen, the King." When he has a day off, Mr. Kelly spends it on golf links. His score is in the seventies. He is a good swimmer and an intrepid flyer.



Jean Muir, technically a newcomer to the camera colony, has three talkies to her credit already. "The Earth Turns" is to be her next. Jean owns a wardrobe of sports clothes, a new roadster and a perfect photographic face. Valuable items for an ingenue to possess? We think so. Miss Muir is unmarried for, she claims, she's too selfish to fall in love. Perhaps she's too wise. When a difficult problem confronts her, she phones Jimmy Cagney, who is her pal.



Otto Dyar

One star who can wear maribou and ostrich feathers and spangles and never look over-dressed. Because she's so slim and dainty, we suppose. Lilian Harvey has almost completed "I Am Suzanne." She has worked every single day except eleven since she arrived in Hollywood. During those eleven days she gave interviews. Lilian has an enormous appetite and doesn't stint it. Dancing and swimming look after her slimness. Have you seen her In "My Lips Betray"?



Eugene Robert Richee

At last—in "Design for Living" and "Chrysalis"—you are to see Miriam Hopkins wearing really glamorous clothes. Like the one above. Hollywood folk call Miriam "the human dynamo." She can accomplish more in one day than six women. She adores California in the daytime but finds evenings boring. Hates bridge and night clubs and premières. She'd like to smoke, but can't learn how. She has one vice—forgetting appointments.

JEAN HARLOW'S



Every bride wants an adorable fluffy negligée. And Jean, who ordinarily sticks to pretty severe lines, weakened just once when she saw the dove pink, maribou-trimmed creation at the left. (Below, left and right) She calls it her formal "picture" gown. Corded gold lamé. With a straight-cut cape (removable, of course) which drapes cowl-fashion across the back. And a mermaid train. The dark hostess gown is jewel green sauvage velvet.

Clothes from Bullock's Wilshire. Specially posed for Modern Screen



A dainty pink negligée, a formal gold lame picture gown and a hostess gown of green sauvage velvet

By VIRGINIA

GOOD morning! This is the Duchess of Ginsberg speaking. Get out of bed, darling. Maybe you haven't noticed—but it's a perfectly beautiful day and I'm going shopping for a trousseau. Want to come along?" Jean Harlow's voice came bubbling over the wires, gay with excitement.

Did I want to go along? Does Mussolini like black shirts!

We met in front of Bullock's Wilshire, that classically modern shop where the clerks *look* like French countesses and act personally interested in you. And anyway, I

TROUSSEAU

At the right is the sort of outdoor outfit which any bride would adore for weekend trips with him. The logwood seal coat is lined with gay plaid, to match the skirt. (Below, left and right) For those occasions when you want to look awfully smart, but not too dressed up. A cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed. With a mink-brown satin blouse. A crazy little hat, circled with mink. Then, there's the attractively "schoolgirl" black frock of velgrana trimmed with dainty lace bows.



A cocktail suit of golden tweed, a schoolgirlish dress of black velgrana and a stunning outdoor ensemble



T. LANE

think brides exert a charm all their own, don't you? Because clothes never have appeared more scrumptious. And when you consider the bride was *Jean* . . .

"I sort of reversed the order of things. Married before I bought my clothes! But we had to do things in a hurry," she chuckled as we entered the regally quiet 18th Century salon. Then the fun began.

Out came a negligée that was like sipping a heady cocktail while you listened to your favorite symphony—if you know what I mean. Exhilarating and at the same time aesthetic. The material was dove pink crepe patterned





with delicate satin flowers in pastel shades. And if that doesn't do things to the imagination! Like all self-respecting negligées it had a sheath silhouette and finished with a grand swirl of a train. What made it even more yum-yum were the huge cuffs and the collar of blue-orchid maribou. Instantly my mind reverted to that maribou of mother's reposing all these years in a half-forgotten trunk. Would I delve after it as soon as I got home—now *would I!*

THIS is the season of seasons to haul out all those "fine feathers and fluff" of former times, have them cleaned, and use them to marvelous advantage.

"Um, I said I'd never go in for pastels," Jean was musing to herself, "but, heaven help me, I'm weakening."

(N.B. *She weakened all the way.*)

"You know, Virginia, I don't think men want their wives to be boyish or brilliant across the breakfast table. They want to leave for the day's work with a pretty, wholly feminine picture in mind. Fluttering-hands-about-the-coffee-pot sort of thing—so you have to be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline. *Pink,* my dear; that's the morning tonic that puts them in a mood to do battle against the world for the little woman!" Jean's jolly laughter rang out but I couldn't help wishing all young brides had as much wisdom.

"No," she went on, "I'm going to keep my more exotic 'hostess' dresses for dinner at *(Continued on page 84)*

(Above, left and right) Perfect taste—perfect tailoring. Jean's golf suit—which will stand up well, too, under hard wear to and from the studio. It's of green wool. The black velvet evening gown is, we think, Jean's grandest dress. The bows on the hips give it a new silhouette. The slit in front and the short train are ultra-glamorous.

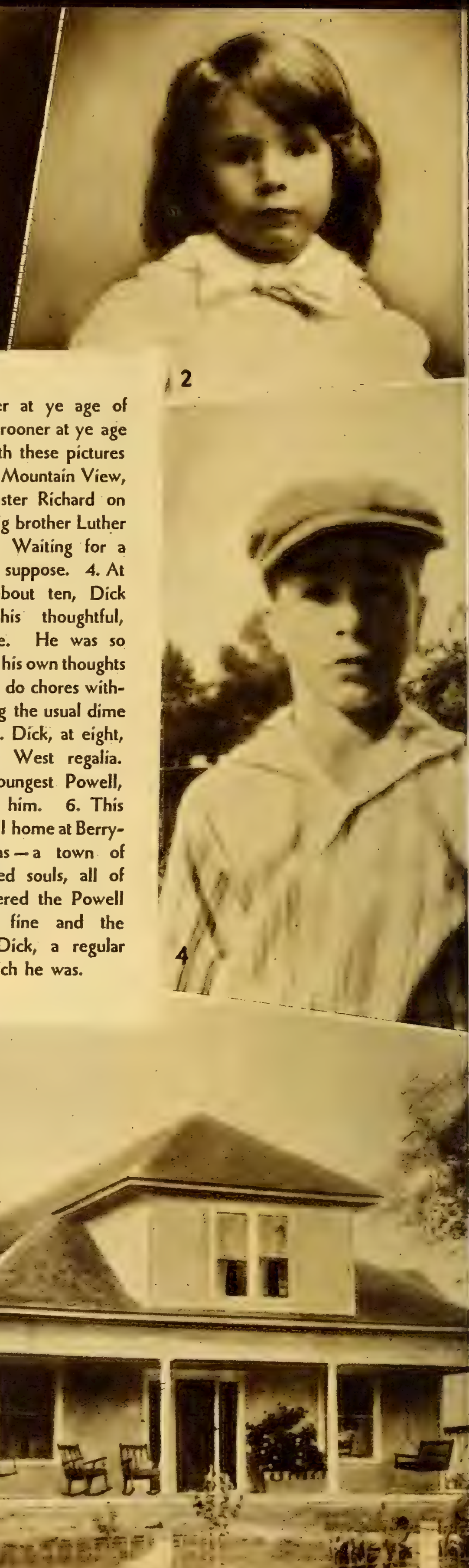






(Above, left and right) Jean chose beige and brown for her riding habit. The coat and slipover she wears beneath it are beige suede. The breeches are cavalry twill. Then—Jean's separate topcoat—so handy to go with other costumes. This is loosely woven tweed in a brown and white check. (Left) The black velvet and ermine wrap that goes with Jean's velvet evening gown.


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1. Ye Crooner at ye age of one. 2. Ye crooner at ye age of three. Both these pictures were taken in Mountain View, Ark. 3. Master Richard on the right. Big brother Luther on the left. Waiting for a street car, we suppose. 4. At the age of about ten, Dick went into his thoughtful, studious phase. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he'd even do chores without demanding the usual dime or quarter. 5. Dick, at eight, in full Wild West regalia. That's the youngest Powell, Howard, with him. 6. This was the Powell home at Berryville, Arkansas—a town of twelve hundred souls, all of whom considered the Powell house pretty fine and the Powell kid, Dick, a regular imp—which he was.

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THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A CROONER

By WALTER RAMSEY

DICK POWELL, OF THE ARKANSAS POWELLS, USED TO BE WHAT IS KNOWN AS A LIMB. BUT THERE WAS THE STUDIOUS PHASE, TOO. AND THE SHEIK PHASE. THEN— A GIRL SAID HIS VOICE WAS SWELL!

THE first professional crooning experience of Mr. Richard Powell occurred in his eighth year when he discovered that Uncle Billy, the old station master down at the railroad track, would pay him five cents a chorus for singing "Casey Jones." Though he was later to receive thousands of times that amount for his crooning talent, at the time the pay-off more than exceeded his fondest expectations. His wants were very simple. A bag of jelly beans, or a soda—what more did life have to offer? There were even music-loving moments when Uncle Billy would go for fifteen cents worth of "Casey Jones." Then Mrs. Powell's little boy considered himself up in the big dough.

For every single earthly duty he performed, the juvenile Richard demanded and received pay. Helping his mother with the dishes rated a nickel. Helping his father with fence repair earned a dime. Heavier chores extended as high as twenty-five cents. He did nothing for nothing.

Says Dick: "I was born with a Hollywood-contract mind. Later, this inborn insistence of mine for raking in the shekels threw me for a terrific loss and nearly cost my life into the bargain, but that was not until Hollywood happened to me. In the beginning it was my family that held the original contract on my services and they paid and paid!"

STRICTLY speaking, that "original contract" began the day of his birth, November 14, 1905, in Mountain View, Arkansas. Mountain View's entire population totaled eight hundred, of which the Powell family were four (counting Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Dick's older brother). The family swelled to five two years later when another son was born. The Powells were of moderate means. Mr. Powell worked as a traveling salesman for the International Harvester Company. His salary was sufficient (just) to provide his family with the necessaries of life, which consisted of a frame home facing the town square, three meals a day through the week and a "chicken blow-out" on Sunday.

The first three years of his life Master Powell spent in howling to high heaven. All members of his family have frequently informed him that he was a crying baby. He screamed when the lights went out—and he bellowed when they went on. He bawled for his food—which gave him gas pains—and then hollered a couple of hours because of that. It was a relief to everyone, including the harassed neighbors, when little Dickie Powell was old enough to don short pants and hie himself off to rural kindergarten every morning.

When he was six years old he fell in with bad company. The two Cass boys were, according to local reputation, hoodlums. They were seven and six years old respectively, and it was the Casses who initiated Dick into the art of the B-B gun, into filching Sunday school contributions for ice cream sodas and other fascinating misdemeanors. He was an apt and attentive pupil, often contributing several ideas of his own.

Mrs. Powell used to throw up her hands and declare for life she didn't know where Dick got his ways. Her oldest son was a model of correct deportment. The baby who arrived two years after Dick was a lamb. Mrs. Powell frequently broadcast the thought that Dick was like his father's side of the family. And yet, with all her scoldings and lectures, it was quite clear that the black sheep was her prime pet. The family relationship was never more clearly related than the day Master Richard fell against the kitchen stove, nearly braining himself. He went out like a light.

"Dickie, darling," screamed Mrs. Powell, "don't die! Don't die!"

The mutilated Richard revived just sufficiently to take in the drama of the situation. "Can I have a quarter if I live?" he breathed faintly. The frantic Mrs. Powell ran for her purse and returned with the death reprieve. Ten minutes later, her miraculously revived son was recuperating on a drug store stool under the soothing effects of a banana split. However, the fall against the kitchen stove had been a nasty one. To this day he carries the scar.

DICK managed to pass through one grade of grammar school in Mountain View before his father was promoted by the Harvester Company to the larger territory of Berryville, a town of about one thousand two hundred. His increase in salary and authority not only meant a newer and nicer home for his family, but also a real back yard with a couple of cows, a pig or two, chickens and fifty or more white rabbits. The latter were Dick's property exclusively. He was a rabbit breeder and "fancier" of the highest order. Occasionally he sold them. But with the rabbits, for the first time in his life, his money sense was fogged. He loved every one of them and it was difficult for him to part with any one, even for



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1. The whole family out for a Sunday airing in the Buick—1916. Mama and papa, Dick—with an eye for the spotlight—draped on the engine hood, and the other two Powell kids in back. 2. At a Boy Scout camp in the Ozarks. Dick was about fourteen, then. 3. Luther, the studious one, Howard, the baby, and Dick in the backyard of the home in Little Rock. 4. Would you believe it? Note the fit of the coat. He was about eighteen. 5. This was taken for his best girl in Little Rock. During the sheik phase. Dick was quite the beau of the town—or was it his father's car which made him so popular? 6. The attractive young man as he is today.



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twenty-five cents. In fact fifty hardly tempted him.

When he was not engaged in his rabbit fancying, he attended school—a typical one-room country schoolhouse "down by the mill." It was located a mile and a half from the Powell home and Dick and his brother covered the distance on the back of the proverbial old gray mare.

Spring in Arkansas was a season of beauty and delight. All about them spread large fields of daisies blowing softly in the April breezes. White clouds floated like cream puffs overhead. The air was filled with the scent of apple and cherry blossoms. But to the two barefoot boys astride the plodding old horse, these beauties of nature were merely places and things.

The daisy fields were mere battlegrounds where points of honor were defended and fought out by the gang. And many is the battle Dick had in the daisy field that adjoined his home.

When young Powell was nine years old he fell in love with a tender young miss named Mary Burton George. It was an intense and confusing emotion, complicated by the fact that Mary's brother Pat could not abide Dick. It was all Pat could do to restrain himself when Dick was invited by the George family to take a ride in the Ford on Sunday afternoons. The three children were always relegated to the back seat and it was a fine point of the Powell technique that he was able to hold Mary's hand under the laprobe and look romantic, while at the same time he was getting his shins kicked by his love's brother. On three different occasions they had it out in the daisy patch. Pat was larger and older, which is another way of saying that Romeo Powell seldom ever came out on the top side of the heap. There were bitter, scratching moments when young Dick wondered if love was worth all the hell it raised—just as older and wiser men have been wondering since time began.

But life was not exactly a continual round of daisy field battles with Pat. There were the usual marble games behind the court house and, of course, the swimming hole where the kids went in minus the formality of a bathing suit. A boy pushed Dick into the deepest part of the stream one day—and that is where and why he learned to swim.

It was at this stage of his life that he began to develop that desire for solitude that comes so puzzlingly and suddenly into the life of every boy. Though he still liked to play with the kids, he discovered much to his surprise, that he was equally happy in his own society. Way out back of the barn where no one could see or hear him, he would lie for hours against a stack of hay, thinking his own thoughts. He became less of a nuisance to his family. No longer was he given to squawking and howling about everything that displeased him. In one of his trance-like moods he would even help with the chores without letting out a yelp for pay. His worried family came to the conclusion that he must be slightly ill. But, physically, his health was perfect.

It was mental growth that young Powell was suffering. He was beginning to awaken to the fact that there was a world out beyond those Arkansas hills, a puzzling world of which he knew nothing. This knowledge had been borne upon him during his weekly excursions to the Berryville picture show where he watched Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, clad in swell clothes, recreate synthetic romance. At first his interest in the movies had been purely mechanical; his pal, the theatre projectionist, would let him run the film now and then. But as the weeks went by, his interest switched from the fun of operating the mechanical toy, to the reels and reels of exciting stories his own hand was cranking out on the screen.

HE began to see himself not as an Arkansas Hill Billy but as a suave man-about-town (preferably New York) like Francis X Bushman. He frequently committed to memory the long sub-titles that accompanied the pictures, and would rehearse them out loud when he was alone. With the money which he had saved from his dish-washing and fence repairing chores, he bought himself a straw hat with a red and yellow plaid band around it. He began to wear shoes and stockings even on week days. One day, arrayed in his finery, he was strutting up and down back of the barn. With elaborate gestures, *à la* movies, he would tip his hat to the amazed and wide-eyed cow that gazed out from her stall. Dick was declaiming, "Good day, my fine woman," just as his brother rounded the corner with a milk pail. He (the brother) almost dropped it in surprise at the picture that met his eyes. "Are you goofy?" he shrieked. But with a withering glance, his blood kin passed him by and stalked with dignity into the house.

But, crazy though his antics might have been, they were the beginning of a feeling of restlessness in the juvenile Powell bosom. He craved, and developed, more "dignity" even into his play hours. His studies received more and more of his attention. His clothes and appearance became highly important. His strange new mood found but one friend in Berryville—young Digby West, son of the local banker. (Digby, who has since been graduated from Cornell and who is married now and president of his father's bank, is still an intimate friend of Powell's. Since their kid days they have never been out of touch with one another.) Though the advent of Digby and Dick into the ranks of the Boy Scouts was not exactly popularly approved by the Berryville gang, join it they did and very seriously went about their business of "one good deed a day." Their first kindnesses were bestowed on one another—by previous agreement. They decided that Dick should present Digby with a red tie and in return Digby was to purchase Dick one of those diamond sparkler rings from the five and ten cent store. One day, in climbing a tree with Digby, the ring caught on a branch and nearly tore his finger off. But he would have regretted the loss of the finger far less than he did the actual loss of the ring.

When Dick was twelve, his family moved again—this time to Little Rock, capital and largest city of the state. With the exception of parting with Digby, which the move necessitated, Dick was overjoyed with his change of locale. Compared to Berryville and Mountain View, Little Rock was a bustling metropolis.

Nor was Dick one to welch on the opportunities of city life which had come his way. He set about to study his lessons with a diligence born of ambition. His older brother, the studious one, was setting a very high-powered example for him. He was the editor of his high school paper, was taking piano lessons and French, and his fame as an all-state basket ball player rated his picture in the paper five or six times during ball season.

It was such glory as this that young Dick craved, and during his seventh and eighth grades in grammar school he studied like the very old Ned. Even a pretty girl named Elizabeth Weldon whom he might have fallen for hard (in a less serious and ambitious frame of mind) was merely relegated to the rôle of a cute kid to take riding on the handlebars of his bicycle.

Mr. Powell, Sr., had now risen to an excellent executive position with the Harvester company. Bonuses and salary raises were coming in regularly. And just as regularly did the Powells move. From Twenty-fourth Street they moved to 1723 Izrid Avenue, their first automobile appeared on the horizon, and the Powells were on easy street.

Where nickels and dimes had formerly been dished out to their son, Mr. and Mrs. Powell were now digging into their pockets for dollars. Dick boasted the loudest shirts and the tightest pinchback (*Continued on page 106*)



IF YOU MET MAX BAER

You'd be completely flabbergasted, that's what! Nothing exactly like him has ever been seen on the Hollywood horizon

By KATHERINE ALBERT

"WOULD you rather I talked to you like I am—just in my shorts, Katherine, or should I go over to my dressing room and put on some clothes?"

It was a terrific problem for the pugilistic Max Baer. You could tell by the very bewildered way his forehead wrinkled that it was by way of being a big decision. Not being able to cope with it all by himself, he left it up to me. We had, incidentally, met just a second before.

Mind you, the question of modesty did not occur to Max. It was simply—and one can see his mind working as one may watch the inside of a clock (the only difference being that a clock is more complicated)—it was simply this: did he look more ravishing in the purple fighting trunks and loose flowing bathrobe or would he knock me cold quicker if he were all done up in his smart street clothes? Max couldn't decide. He likes himself both ways.

I decided in favor of the street clothes. It was not a question of modesty with me, either. I'd seen him in shorts—that's all. I thought a little variety would be fun.

It took him quite a while to change. After all, he had to be impressive, but in due time I found him seated opposite me in one of the offices in the publicity department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Max (remember that he had called me Katherine instantly and I didn't want to be outdone in informality) filled the chair and slopped over the sides. His personality filled the room.

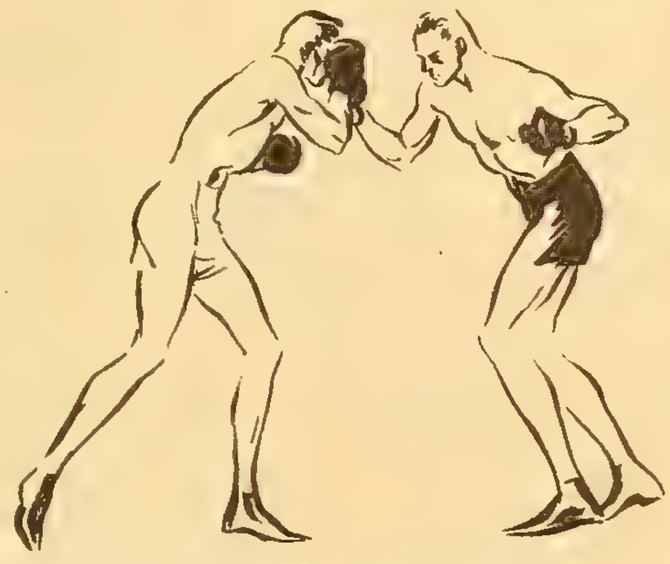
"Tell me about yourself," I began.

THAT approach—with the average movie actor—usually brings, "Oh, there's nothing to tell about me," or, "Well, what, specifically, would you like to know about me?" It is, as a matter of fact, an old and not very good approach any more. But looking at Max Baer I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Tell me about yourself," I had said. Max thought that was a fine idea. So he began to tell.

"My wife's eleven years older than me, see? We've been married two years and separated four times and divorced once. She's got money. But she's jealous of my success.

"Of course, when we walk down the street together I'm always followed by a bunch of kids who beg for my autograph. It's good business to sign for the kids. Besides, I liked kids. But she always stands by in a bored way while I'm writing my name. Just jealous, see? That's why we got a divorce.



"There hasn't been a colorful fighter since Dempsey. I've got color. I'm young—just twenty-four—I grew up on a California ranch. I'm colorful. Why, whenever I walk into a newspaper office and the reporters interview me, they always get a story. That's swell for a champ."

I murmured that I could get his point of view. And then I asked him how he liked working in pictures.

"Sure, they're okay. No, I wasn't a bit scared. What's there to be scared of a camera for? I was more scared of Myrna Loy. I'd seen her in all these parts where she knifes a guy in the back or shoots him in the head or something. When I heard she was working in my picture, 'The Prize-fighter and the Lady,' I was scared. I thought she might kill me. Then I met her and I said to myself, 'What's wrong with you—a great big fellow like you scared of a little girl like her?' And I wasn't scared any more. See, it was just all those parts she plays. Now everything is swell.

"They want me to stay in pictures. They say I'm swell in my part. But I think I'd be foolish to sign up in pictures, don't you? See, there are lots of movie stars—but there's just one champ."

I asked, rather timidly, "You're sure you're going to win the title from Carnera next June, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm sure. I can win from Carnera. You see, we're having a fight in this picture. They wanted me to knock Carnera out in the picture, but he wouldn't take a knock-out. He said it was bad for a champ to do that. So I said, 'If Carnera won't take a knock-out, I won't take a knock-out.' They had to re-write the story. Now it's a draw."

He got up out of the chair and stretched himself.

"Well, Katherine, did I give you a story?" he asked as he ran his hand over his dark curls.

"You certainly did, Mr.—er—Max," I answered.

"Hope you see the fight in June," he said pleasantly. "Then you can tell people you met the champ."

In a second he was gone. And I sank back in my chair to ponder over Max Baer.

SHOULD I say he was conceited? Should I make the lead of my story, "Max Baer is the most conceited man who ever set foot in Hollywood"? No, it wouldn't be fair, for it really isn't conceit that permeates his personality. You couldn't possibly say that a little child with a bow of pink ribbon on her hair who preens before the mirror is conceited, could you? That's the way it is with Max. Nothing is sophisticated, nothing so civilized as conceit could ever be a part of him. It is just guileless, childish ego. Max Baer thinks he's good. He sees no reason for hiding his light under a bushel. And out on the M-G-M lot he has them gasping.

When he first came out he announced that he was engaged to June Knight. Somebody reminded that he had—at that time—a perfectly good wife.

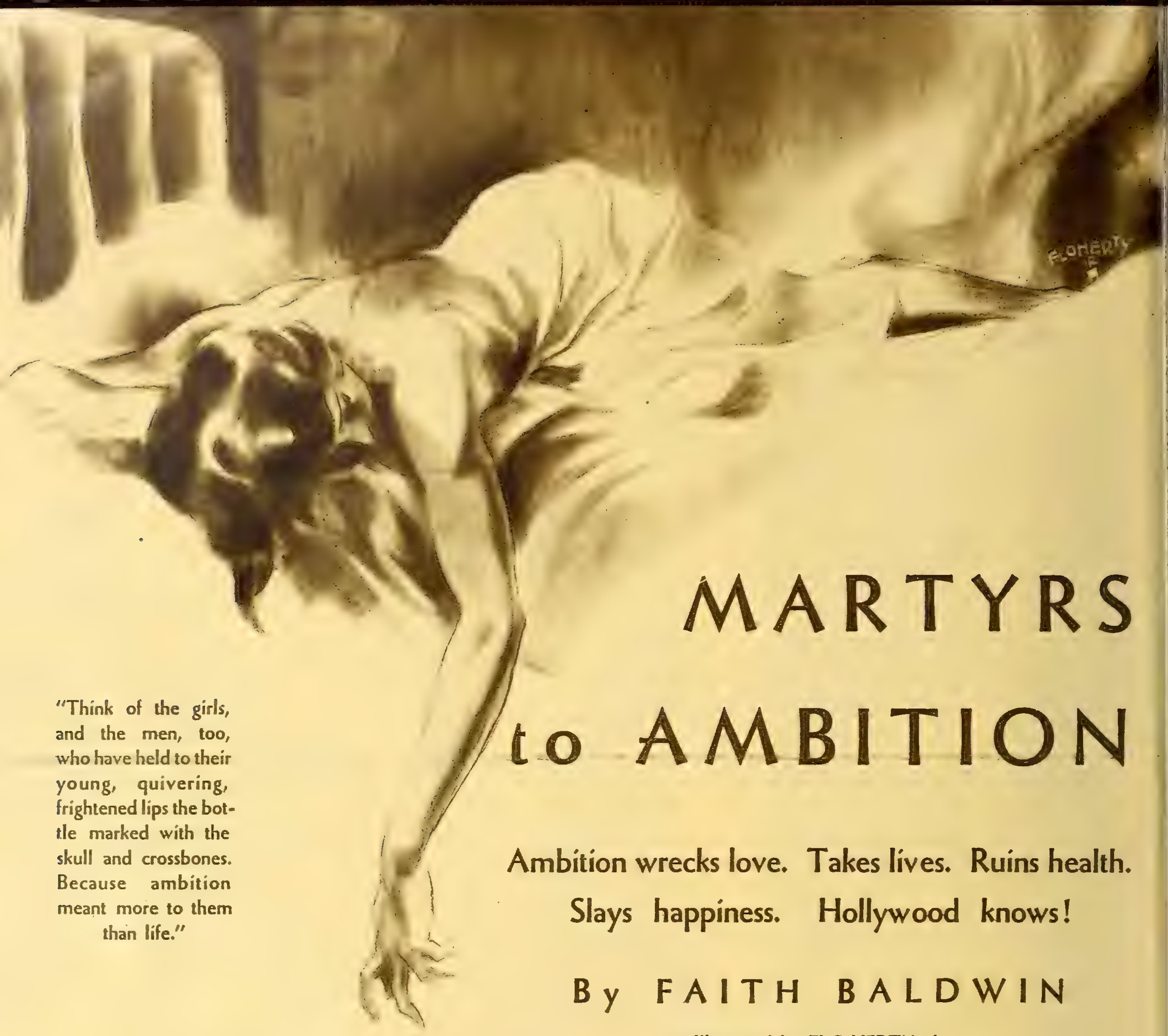
"Sure I know," Max said, "but we're separated." It was difficult to explain that, really, one couldn't be engaged to one woman unless one were actually divorced from one's wife. Max couldn't see it. Now he and Dorothy Dunbar are divorced. But in the meantime Max has seen so many pretty girls in Hollywood that he has sort of forgotten about June.

He has, for instance, seen Garbo. And what's more, he's seen her at work on the set—something that not even M-G-M's chief executives have seen.

Garbo, as you know, has her set guarded as if she were wearing the Hope diamonds. No outside eyes are ever permitted to look upon her while she works. In very intimate scenes not even the electricians and property boys are allowed to watch her. Black flats are placed around her—just out of camera range.

So you can imagine how everyone felt when Max suddenly announced. "That Greta Garbo is certainly a pretty girl. And it sure is interesting to watch her act."

"Watch her act?" *(Continued on page 86)*



"Think of the girls, and the men, too, who have held to their young, quivering, frightened lips the bottle marked with the skull and crossbones. Because ambition meant more to them than life."

MARTYRS to AMBITION

Ambition wrecks love. Takes lives. Ruins health. Slays happiness. Hollywood knows!

By FAITH BALDWIN

Illustrated by FLO HERTY, Jr.

I HAVE no statistics to prove it, but it seems to me that ambition has killed, directly and indirectly, more men and women than bullets. Not that I deplore ambition. No one ever arrived anywhere without it, but an overdose is sometimes fatal. Ambition has not only wrecked the lives of the people in whom it has burned like a consuming flame but the lives of the other, innocent people dear to them. It has taken its toll of happiness, of body, of soul and of mind. It has become, at times, an obsession with men and women, not only of today but of all eras. It has brought success and failure, it has brought happiness and misery; it has been all things to all men.

Suppose we look at some of the people of Hollywood to whom ambition has meant the sacrifice of something dear to them. Let's take the long distance marriage first of all.

A lot of nonsense has been written, and spoken, on the subject of suiting one's marriage to convenience; about the "glamor" of a marriage which stays always fresh and new and ardent because the two most concerned see each other a good deal less than ordinary people; because they inhabit separate houses and thus manage to perpetuate an eternal honeymoon.

This may be true, in a sense, yet it isn't marriage. Marriage, if it means anything at all, means a partnership and a sharing and a *togetherness*. Of course people who are married in the "ordinary" way often quarrel and are sometimes bored, being human, and are forced to watch certain lovely things vanish from their union, but, if they are sportsmen and well mated, they watch, too, other things, just as important, take their place. Marriage as an institution has glaring faults, perhaps. But so far no real substitute has been found for it that is really satisfactory. And these long distance marriages of the screen and stage and other professions are not satisfactory. They can't be, because they defeat every purpose for which marriage was evolved.

THERE'S Katharine Hepburn, for example. She is married to an attractive and charming man, whose business keeps him in New York. Hers keeps her in California, for the greater part of the time. They meet, occasionally and briefly, and no doubt are very happy in these encounters. But love thrives only in a fertile soil, and this is barren ground, is it not? One gets so out of the habit of needing people, of wanting them. One's interests become diversified and one cannot possibly see eye to eye with (*Continued on page 94*)

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 3, NO. 4 HOLLYWOOD, DECEMBER, 1933 NEWS SECTION

MANY MOVIE MARRIAGES UNDER WAY



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE. THE VIVACIOUS PAULETTE GODDARD, ARE INVARIABLY AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MAYFAIR DANCES

WEDDING BELLS SLATED TO RING FOR FILM FAVORITES

News of the Lupe Velez-Johnnie Weissmuller marriage—scooped by MODERN SCREEN—started Cupid clinching romantic deals in Hollywood. And cinema sweethearts, who once planned to tread the bridal path when they got around to it, are now purchasing four-karat sparklers and setting dates.

Gary Cooper and Sondra Shaw were among the first to raid the jeweler's and sally forth with a canary-colored diamond, which is the first step to definitely withdraw one of the colony's most eligible bachelors from circulation.

Undoubtedly, as you read this, several of the engaged couples will have taken the "for better or for worse" vows, only time divulging who will beat who to the post in the matrimonial sweepstakes.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard will reach the altar in June. The locale of their wedding is to be England, which country is also due to serve as the nuptial setting for Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. However, Tom Gallery and Madge Evans will wed much sooner. Their romance has almost become legendary. In fact, it has endured since Tom and Zasu Pitts came to the legal parting of the ways and Madge arrived on the camera coast.

Russ Columbo and Sally Blane plan to become Mister and Missus in the near future, as do Mary Brian and Donald Cook. It will seem strange indeed to see little Mary, who has been Hollywood's official belle for so long, devoted to one man exclusively.

The Doris Warner-Mervyn LeRoy nuptials are definitely scheduled for January and rumor hath it that Miss Warner's friend, Gwen Heller, is due to meet Dick Powell at the altar in the not-too-distant future.



WHEN VIRGINIA CHERRILL RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM A VACATION IN HONOLULU, CARY GRANT WELCOMED HER AS SOON AS THE MONTEREY DOCKED

MARY AND DOUG WILL RECONCILE

Hollywood's Famous Pair To Try Life Together Again

If reports of those credited to be "in the know" are correct, it won't be long now before Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will patch their temporary marital difficulties and take up life together again.

Steps toward a reconciliation were affected recently by transatlantic telephone, when Doug denied that he had any notion of becoming a British subject.

Doug plans to return to Hollywood.

George Arliss Hunts Home —To Play Rothschild

It begins to look as if George Arliss had become a true devotee of California's most-talked-of-town, for the British star is about to forsake hotel life in favor of a home of his own.

The star is slated to play Rothschild as his next for Twentieth Century. The colorful role of the renowned banker is a distinct departure from any of the parts Arliss has essayed recently.

Big "Shrubbery" Shower For Mary Brian's New Home

Something unique in the way of "showers" occurred recently when Mary Brian moved into her new home at Toluca Lake. Everybody came and brought a plant or a shrub. Quite a novel idea.

Margaret Ettinger thought it up and has earned Mary's gratitude. It will be sort of fun to point out Gary Cooper's fir tree and Carole Lombard's hedge contribution to visiting friends.

Norma Works on First Film For Her Husband's Unit

Norma Shearer is all ready for work again. This, after that extended European vacation which she and her husband enjoyed last summer.

Mr. Thalberg will produce his wife's picture, an original story called "Rip Tide," from MacArthur's facile pen.

Flashes from Here and There

William Powell is going places and seeing things with the luscious-looking Margaret Lindsay.

George Raft's new "best gal" happens to be Shirley Grey.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., heart whole and fancy free for several months, takes Irene Bentley to the gay places.

Walter Disney's voice is heard in the Mickey Mouse pictures. Walt speaks up for Mickey.

Gary Wright, is now escorting Countess Frasso, who until recently was constantly in Gary Cooper's company.

Dorothea Wieck is that pleased that her husband is visiting her in Hollywood.

MISS STANWYCK RETURNS TO FILMS

Star in Hollywood Set to Start New Picture

Barbara Stanwyck is back in Hollywood, keeping very much to herself and wearing dark glasses. The star is not attempting a Garbo, nor anything approaching it. Fact of the matter is, Barbara suffered a nervous collapse during her trip east, which necessitated a two-months' rest period, and absolute quiet.

The star's next will be "Broadway and Back.

Bill Cagneys Credit Caption On News Photo for Romance Start

There must be something to this "power of suggestion" idea after all.

Bill and his bride, Boots Mallory, never knew how much they cared until they read a caption under a newspaper picture. Said cutline avowed their undying devotion and, 'twas from its extravagant phrases that the now happy newlyweds got the idea. A few weeks later the pair were wed.

Lona Andre Assures Herself a Gay Time at Her Own Party

There are several ways of insuring oneself of attention and apparently pretty Lona Andre knows all of 'em.

The young lady threw herself a Hallowe'en Party and invited four of her "steadies" and fifteen young male eligibles appearing in "Search for Beauty." There were no women, so Lona had all the dances. You'll have to admit it's a sound way to rate popularity!

Marlene misquoted? Well, Diamond Mae claims that she didn't start the fireworks

One believer in Santa Claus, anyway. Baby LeRoy, in ecstasy and pink flannelette, sings a small carol in praise of his new red automobile. For a whole day, he's free from studio worries and work on "Miss Fane's Baby."



The most discussed pair of newlyweds since Gloria brought home her Marquis. Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Weissmuller, on whose runaway marriage MODERN SCREEN scooped such a grand scoop, are now "at home."



J. B. Scott

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW...

GARBO is going to move. Her peace has been greatly disturbed ever since the publicity broke in the newspapers regarding a certain Oscar H. Brosi, who was nabbed by police as he was attempting to climb the wall at Garbo's home. Brosi stated he had been trying to see la Garbo for three years. Unfortunately the address of the star's home was given—1201 San Vicente Boulevard—with the result that a dozen or more people can usually be found outside the gate hoping for a glimpse of the famous Swede who refuses to be glimpsed.

So yesterday, garbed in white tennis shoes, white duck trousers, canvas gloves, a mannish polo coat, beret and huge black goggles, Garbo went house-hunting. Nothing suitable has been found yet.

THEY HAVEN'T MET YET!

● Paramount is still trying to get Mae West and Marlene Dietrich together for a photograph. They want to put an end, once and for all, to the battle that started when Marlene was quoted in New York as saying she had never heard of Mae West, and they think a friendly picture will turn the trick. They almost succeeded at the premiere of "I'm No Angel," but Marlene managed to slip in unseen. Mae declares she won't make the first move as she didn't start the fireworks and Marlene insists she was misquoted. So, for the present, the battle still rages.

● Gene Raymond was on his way to keep a date with Mary Brian one evening when his car suddenly came to a dead stop at a busy intersection. No amount of coaxing would get the old wagon to budge. The traffic

signals changed from a red STOP to a green GO time and again, but the bus remained adamant. Finally a wise guy whizzed by and shouted, "What's the matter, buddy, don't you like the colors?"

DIX LIKES CHICKENS

● At last we've found out why Richard Dix spends so much time on his "hide-away" ranch. For years Rich and his "mystery ranch" have been the subject of much discussion in Hollywood. No one knew where it was located except that it was "somewhere in the Malibu Mountains." There is no telephone, no mail delivery. When Rich retires to his ranch, he is merely "out of circulation." At first, reports were that he was writing a novel or a life story or something. But now the secret's out: he is raising chickens. He started out with a few, as a lark, but became so intrigued by the "fowl" business that he's now operating on a big scale and a profitable one, too, they say.

● Never let it be said of Lilian Harvey that she throws her money away. During her lean days in Europe, before she became a successful actress drawing a large weekly salary, she learned the art of saving. Whenever she needed a new dress or a pair of shoes, she would lay aside a certain sum of money each week until the purchase price was reached. And even now, when any shop would only too gladly extend her credit, she still sticks to this method of buying. No purchase is made without first planning and saving toward it. Lilian laughs at her frugality, but claims she really gets a bigger kick out of doing it that way.

● Maybe not the most correct ensemble, but Marlene Dietrich wore a heavy red rough-neck sweater with a couple of diamond clasps at her throat at the Colony Club t'other night.

MASTER LE ROY TEMPERAMENTAL

● Baby LeRoy is acquiring temperament now that he's a star. It happened on the "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" set when the director ordered a tub of water for a scene in which Dorothea Wieck was to bathe Master LeRoy. The youngster took one look at the familiar object and put up a long, loud howl. He refused to be quieted until the tub was removed.

● Pity poor Katharine Hepburn. She has to learn seven long dramatic prayers for her next picture, in which she portrays a faith healer.

● While broadcasting over the radio recently on behalf of the proposed actors' salary control clause, Lilyan Tashman revealed the fact that she is the proud possessor of two hundred ermine coats. Lil must have forgotten, for the moment, that there is supposed to be a depression.

● A great deal of discussion has been aroused with the release of M-G-M's "Bombshell," co-starring Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy. While everybody admits it's grand entertainment, there are those who think it unwise to debunk Hollywood. They claim there are still people who idolize movie stars, think Hollywood a glamorous place, and to them, the

J. B. Scott



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(Above) At the Hollywood opening of "I'm No Angel." The star herself, Mae West, resplendent in lace gown, white fox, orchids and diamonds, makes her bow to the audience. (Right) Jack La Rue and the pretty little English actress, Ida Lupino, at the Mae West premiere.



J. B. Scott

(Right) It won't be long now. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, very much in love and practically ready for that march to the altar, at the "I'm No Angel" premiere.



picture will be a disappointment. On the other hand, it is hoped that they will see the humor of the thing and not judge everybody and everything in the picture business by this film, which after all, was produced purely for entertainment.

MAUREEN'S ENGAGED

● Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing a big flasher on the correct finger and Johnny Farrow is having his apartment redecorated in Mexican style. So, it looks like wedding bells in the offing for these two.

● Leave it to the studio heads to find a way out of most any situation. Recently, when George Brent walked out of the "Mandalay" cast, a hurried call was put in for Lyle Talbot to replace him. Lyle, who had just figured in a nasty automobile smash-up, appeared with a deep gash across his forehead. Every trick known to the art of make-up was applied, but the gash loomed forth in all its ugliness. Finally one of the "heads" got a bright idea. He sent for the scenario writer, and after a few minutes' conference, it was decided to have a paragraph written into the beginning of the script, which takes care of that scar in a most heroic manner.

● Hepburn's stand-in, secretary, seamstress, maid, cook and hairdresser are all wearing overalls now.



J. B. Scott

And so they were married. Andy Devine and Dorothy House. The pair were cast as sweethearts and the roles so appealed, they made 'em permanent.

● Here's some good news for you "Three Little Pigs" fans: This Silly Symphony has met with such tremendous success that Walt Disney is going to feature them (plus the Big Bad Wolf) in several other Mother Goose rhymes. In other words, they're going to become regular stars like Mickey Mouse. Incidentally, folks are seeing "Three Little Pigs" for the umptieth time and still enjoying it.

● Speaking of "The Three Little Pigs," a new café recently opened in Hollywood called the "Three Little Pigs Inn" and features the "Big Bad Wolf Orchestra." Cute?

● Wags report Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye (Sari Maritza's pretty manager) are looking at wedding rings . . . Doris Warner is being flooded with showers. Her wedding to Mervyn LeRoy is scheduled for January 3 . . . The Bob Kennistons (Billie Dove) are blessed-eventing, and the same is hinted of Thelma Todd and hubby, Pat Di Ciccio.



J. B. Scott

Yes, it's Polly Moran and her handsome new husband, Martin Malone. Polly's marriage was a surprise.

GEORGE BREAKSTON'S BREAK

● Hollywood is always flooded with yarns about new talent being "discovered." Many of them mere fabrications. But here is one that is really true.

For weeks Frank Borzage had been testing kid actors for the lead in "Paul Street Boys." It was an important part and Borzage was frantic. Pacing his floor one afternoon, he happened to glance out through his window and saw, crossing the lot, a young lad about eleven. "That's exactly what I want," the director shouted, and was through the door like a streak of lightning. His flow of questions . . . "Who are you, what's your name, how'd you happen to be here?" almost frightened the poor boy to death.

He finally managed to say his name was George Breakston and he was calling for his mother who worked at the studio as a hat designer. Funny part is, neither the mother nor the son were a bit thrilled about the prospect of George becoming an actor. Borzage had to plead with them before they finally consented, and then the mother declared it was merely to secure enough money for George to complete his education. Her boy, she said, was going to be an engineer!



J. B. Scott

Janet Gaynor and Jeanette MacDonald are all set for the "Little Women" preview, but obligingly pause to pose for our cameraman.

● John Gilbert's worries are evidently over. His picture with Garbo is finished and the entire studio is wreathed in smiles. There's a rumor afloat that he may replace Chevalier in "The Merry Widow," which would be the height of something or other for Jack. You will remember his decline started with the advent of talkies because officials reported his voice recorded badly. Now "Merry Widow" is a musical and if Jack draws the rôle, he will not only talk, but actually sing!

APOLOGY

● In connection with the article, "The Inside Story of Hollywood Feuds," in the November MODERN SCREEN, we are in receipt of communications from George Brent, Ruth Chatterton (Mrs. George Brent), and Ralph Forbes which state that the details about them in this story are inaccurate and place them in a false and misleading light. Since they are the parties concerned in the paragraphs in question and are the only ones in a position to know the exact facts, we feel that it is only just that we make a retraction and apology at this time for these statements.

TOBY'S ALL SET

● You've probably been wondering, during these last few months, just who Toby Wing is. Truth of the matter is, Toby, the luscious-looking blonde, has been under contract to



Wide World

This is not Alice in Wonderland, but lovely little Maria Sieber, Marlene's daughter. You'll see her with her famous mother in "Catherine the Great."

Paramount for over three months without a single assignment. But she suddenly finds herself with two assignments. She'll make her debut in "Chrysalis" and "Search for Beauty" and is the gal excited! And her contract with Paramount was recently renewed.

● Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (the newlyweds) went furniture-shopping the other day. After paying for a swanky-looking bathtub, they discovered the state tax on it amounted to $15.

Joel looked at Frances and whispered, "A case where you're sorta cleaned before the bath."

● Speaking of bathtubs, Mae West never takes a shower. She prefers tub baths, heavily scented.

● Marlene Dietrich's pet Scotty Nicki, caused quite a stir of excitement when she upset the telephone in Marlene's room, threw the receiver off its hook and started barking for all she was worth. Central, fearing something was wrong, reported it to the police station and in a few minutes several coppers were pounding on Dietrich's door.

Nicki is in the dog-house now.

● A well-known wit says that ZaSu Pitts is different from most Hollywood gals. She acts dumb but is smart . . . while most of them act smart and are dumb.

● Hollywood is buried under such an avalanche of mail daily that most letters (bearing the stamp of "form letter") seldom get further than the office boy. So when a certain form letter suddenly hit the film capital like a package of T. N. T., no one was more surprised than the sender himself, a certain Jack Moss, hard-working insurance agent in Beverly Hills. The letter stated that anyone who could put his or her hands on $1,000 was a possible subject for abduction and went on to offer to pay any ransom up to $10,000 for the nominal sum of $8.35 per month.

Two or three of the stars, believing they were "on the spot," stirred up a big fuss. "Another racket," they cried. The district attorney is now investigating the matter while Moss, swearing he's on the level, sits in his office quite befuddled by all the sudden publicity and whatnot.

● There is no end to some people's talent. Ramon Novarro, who just finished a successful musical tour in Europe, plans to produce his own play in England next year. He will be author, producer, director and star.

JEANETTE'S IN DEMAND

● Jeanette MacDonald doesn't have to worry particularly if she doesn't get that rôle in "The Merry Widow." Maurice Chevalier has stubbornly refused to have Jeanette in the picture with him—professional jealousy is said to be the reason—and this has rather put the studio on the spot.



J. B. Scott

He was all ready for a hunting trip, when the studio summoned Clark Gable for retakes. However, being un-temperamental, the star took it gracefully.

However, several other studios are clamoring for her talents. Twentieth Century has put in a bid for her, RKO wants her for "My Gal Sal." originally slated for Irene Dunne, and M-G-M has another story in mind for her entitled, "The Goldfish."

● Judith Allen and her mother are both left-handed . . .Myrna Loy becomes a star with her latest flicker, "Prizefighter and a Lady" and well she deserves it . . . Unlike Garbo, Katharine Hepburn doesn't mind having people watch her work.

● A certain taxi cab driver in Hollywood lost his best customer when Alice Brady bought herself a car. Until now, Alice has used his cab exclusively since she first lighted into the village.

● Maria Sieber (Marlene Dietrich's daughter) will have her first fling at picture work in her mother's next picture. She will portray Marlene as a youngster.

● Clara Bow, the original "It" gal, is now wearing spectacles. Doctor's orders.

● We are told the word "curvacious," derived from the two words "curves" and "vivacious," and especially coined to describe Mae West, will be included in the new edition of the dictionary. Mae should feel honored, to say the least.

● Since their divorce, Max Baer and Dorothy Dunbar go everywhere together. That's the new Hollywood custom, y'know.

● Mary Brian declares she's been in a fog ever since she was cast for the dreary (atmospherically speaking) picture by that name. The entire film was shot in a fog (composed of mineral oil), and the one and only day she had off, Los Angeles happened to be enjoying a real "San Francisco fog." A few days later, when the studio sent her out in a blimp to make some publicity pictures, the fog was so thick the pilot cruised about for five hours before he could see to make a landing. Ho, hum, such is life.



J. B. Scott

Pat De Ciccio, Dorothy Dunbar (Max Baer's "ex"), Max and Thelma Todd tune up with "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Something new in quartettes!





DICK CROMWELL

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

MAYBE you've read all this stuff about Richard Cromwell being a shy little country boy who doesn't know what to say nor how to say it—a lad who gets embarrassed when he's out in society. And maybe you've believed it. If so, get it all right out of your head, for beneath that boyish exterior beats the heart of a sophisticate.

Dick Cromwell—apparently the same shy, bashful lad of "Tol'able David"—has known and known well the most glamorous women of Hollywood. They have been his real friends. He has collected them as one collects autographs. What's more, all these women have liked the lad for his charm, his wit and his unconventionality.

The women in Dick's life? The glamorous women he has known? Just listen! Garbo, Crawford, Dietrich, Bankhead!

Dick had never said much about them until one afternoon, the two of us sat chatting and he began to talk. It was just one of those things that sometimes happen, for I know he has never told these stories before. But they were so amusing that I finally persuaded him to let me pass them on to you.

Let Dick tell it in his own words.

"Naturally, I've always had a crush on Garbo. Who hasn't? Even before I was in pictures—long before—I used to find out by devious methods the address of her house and ride up and down before it waiting for her to come out. She never came—and usually I'd discover that she had moved to another house just about the time I'd learned the last address.

"Then one day I was working in my shop and I saw Garbo drive up to a little candy and nut store. I dropped what I was doing and tore around to watch her. She bought fifty cents worth of nuts, looked in the bag and said, 'My God, that's enough nuts to last me a month.' And then she drove away.

"A couple of years passed before I saw her again. I'd gotten in pictures by that time and also by that time I'd told a lot of people how crazy I was about Garbo. Muriel Ames—the wife of Robert Ames who died—and Sulka Viertel (wife of Berthold Viertel) swore they'd fix it for me to meet Garbo.

IT happened at a cocktail party—one of the few Garbo has ever attended. I don't know what they had told her about me, but at any rate, when I walked in she beckoned to me.

" 'You are the nice boy who like Garbo, yes?' she said. 'Well, just for that, sit by me and I'll see that you get plenty to drink.'

"She sat at the cocktail party all afternoon and didn't move out of her chair. Every now and then she'd say something and laugh that big laugh of hers, which sometimes means she is really amused and sometimes means she is just bored.

"A few weeks later, Muriel Ames came over to my house and began—as she always does—with 'Mercy, dear.' Well, 'Mercy, dear'—I was going to see Garbo again—on a yachting party. 'Mercy, dear,' Muriel said, 'Can you bear it?'

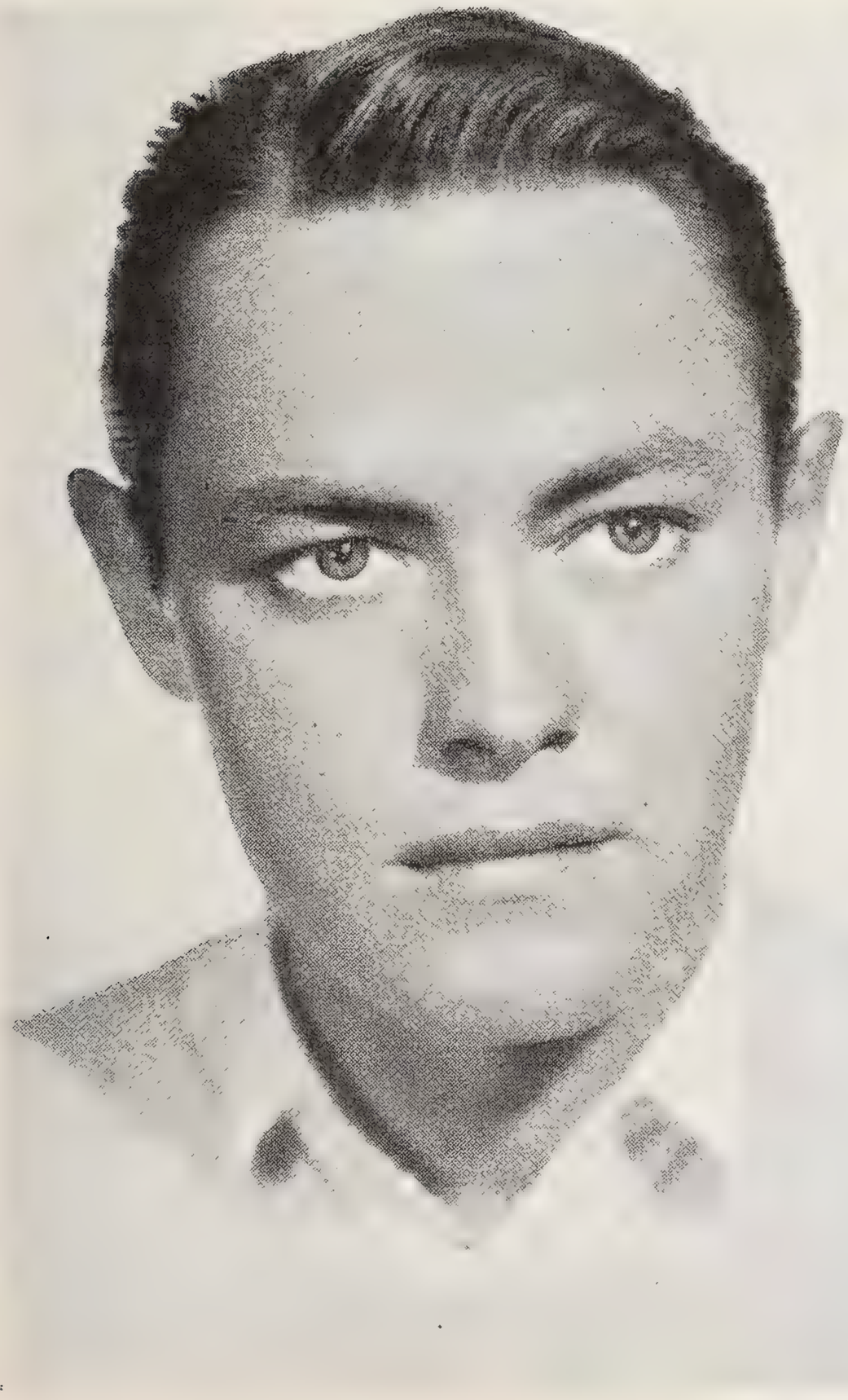
"I said I'd try.

"There were just a few of us on the boat and we were





SURPRISES YOU



—with the fascinating stories of his friendship with four of Hollywood's most glorious women: Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and Bankhead!

in a state of jitters for fear Garbo wouldn't arrive. Then we saw her striding down the beach and sighed with relief.

"We set out and I think I saw what few people have ever seen. I saw Garbo really happy. Sitting in the prow of the boat, facing a stiff sea, with the wind blowing her hair, she was like some Viking goddess. But, unlike the Viking goddess, she kidded and laughed—really laughed as if she meant it—all afternoon.

"Her jokes are rather sly and dry. She has a brand of humor all her own and she loves to make a joke.

"Once she turned to Muriel and said, 'Why doesn't this boy like me?'

" 'Mercy dear,' Muriel answered. 'He's crazy about you.'

"The end of that trip was disastrous for me. I thought I'd be smart and show off before Garbo, so suddenly I jumped overboard and started to swim alongside the boat —but the damn thing went too fast. The next I knew it was almost a mile away and I almost caught pneumonia.

"Garbo is a strange woman. She works out her own life and lives it and does not know why she is thought strange. I know, however, of one very curious thing she





(Above, left) In "Hoopla," Clara Bow is supposed to "seduce" Dick Cromwell. The "seduction" scenes were acted so realistically that, first thing you know, gossips were saying Clara and husband Rex Bell were about to separate. Cause: Mr. Cromwell. Just how silly that story was is proven in the article. (Right) Dick and Kathryn DeMille, daughter of the famous Cecil. She and Dick are thick as thieves these days.

does. When she has been seeing too many people—when she has been dissipating her time—she punishes herself by locking herself in a dark room and staying there, sometimes for three days!

I HAPPENED to be present when Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead met. People have said that at that meeting she and Garbo insulted each other. It isn't true.

"Tallulah has more curiosity than a cat. She was mad to meet Garbo. Garbo, in her more silent way, has curiosity, too, and she was just as anxious to meet Tallulah. They had both heard much about the other so when Tallulah asked her to a party at her house Garbo, to everybody's surprise, accepted.

"Those two met. They were polite and charming to each other but intensely curious and it was amazing to see then eyeing each other from head to foot as they shook hands.

"However, it was a swell party and I have an unforgetable picture of Garbo sitting on Tallulah's bar swinging her long legs and laughing that hearty Swedish laugh.

"When I went to work at M-G-M they told me I'd never get a chance to see Garbo. They said that she goes from her dressing room to the set in a car with the curtains drawn and that even if you happen to see her and even if you have met her before she wants to be left strictly alone.

"But, strangely enough, I saw Garbo every day walking from her dressing room to the stage. Still thinking she wanted to be left alone, I did not speak to her. But one day she saw me and called out, 'Well, well, here's the boy who once liked Garbo and doesn't any more. He doesn't like Garbo so much that he dives off boats to get rid of her. How are you, kid?' Everybody at the studio stood around in amazement.

"It's funny, but I always seem to be meeting these women at cocktail parties. That's where I met Marlene Dietrich, too. I have a lot of German friends and it was through them that I got to know her.

"When we met she said, 'Ah, "Tol'able David" is my favorite picture in America.' We chatted for a while. I wish I could have foreseen the circumstances under which I was to meet her next—and altered them.

"Joan Crawford had asked me to her anniversary party. I knew I would be working late at the studio, so I took my evening clothes to change there. As I put on my trousers a button that holds the suspenders came off and there was no time to sew it on, so I pinned my trousers up with a large safety pin and went to the party.

"The first person I saw there was Marlene Dietrich. I went over to speak to her and just then, like a gag in a comedy, I felt my trousers slipping. Well, I couldn't lose my pants there in Joan's beautiful living room so I dropped to my knees before Dietrich.

"Lots of people saw the gesture and I understand that I was called all kinds of a fool for trying to be so gallant. I never could tell anyone that it wasn't gallantry. I was too busy pulling up my pants and getting out of the room—with hand neatly poised on hip—to go upstairs and fix the darn things.

"I felt, however, that Dietrich thought I was a showoff so that's why I was so pleased when she asked me and the German friends to her house.

THE way Marlene shows you she likes you is to give you food and food and more food. I have never seen so much and such delicious things to eat—platter after platter, all heavy and German, but grand.

"Although on this day Marlene was being very amusing I was still feeling like an idiot because of the episode at Joan's and when she was called away by a long distance call from Germany and didn't come back for a long time and then seemed quite upset and excused herself, I thought she wanted to get rid of me. So the Germans and I left.

"Later I heard that Marlene—all apologies and carrying platters of food—had come to their house and I had gone home.

"Here's something that Marlene doesn't want known but I saw it in print not long ago so there's no reason why I can't tell you. She plays the musical saw—and plays it well, too.

(*Continued on page 82*)

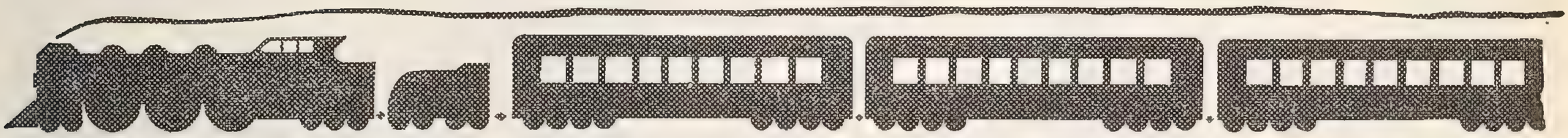
ENTER JOAN CRAWFORD'S "Dancing Lady" CONTEST *now!*



—AND

WIN A FREE TRIP

TO HOLLYWOOD



AND MANY OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES!

PRIZES:

1st—A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest, to meet her friends, who will then become your friends.

2nd—A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator (see picture).

3rd—$100 in cash.

4th—A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio (see picture).

5th—Ten prizes of a Max Factor make-up kit.

6th—Five prizes of $10 each.

7th—Ten prizes of $5 each.

ARE you in the swim—which means: how are you making out in the Joan Crawford contest? Everybody's in it, you know; for besides being a load of fun, think of the prizes! The rules are on the following page—but first read this!

Imagine a free trip to Hollywood as a guest of Joan Crawford. To go places and see things with this scintillating star. To meet other celebrities through her and have them become your friends. Well, all of that comprises the first prize.

There are other winners' gifts, too. Just listen. For the contestant who is second best awaits a most modern and efficient Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, handsome enough to grace and enhance anybody's pantry. Third, one hundred dollars in cash. Fourth, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio—an attractive instrument with a beautiful tone. Fifth, ten prizes each (*Continued on page 97*)



2nd PRIZE: A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. At the bottom of these two pages, there are four stills—cut up in segments—from "Dancing Lady." Last month four other stills—also cut up—were published. Reproductions of them will be found on pages 96 and 97, if you missed them. The eight stills (or facsimilies of them) must be put together correctly and neatly, and arranged in the order in which the corresponding scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." (Synopsis on the opposite page.) When you have done this, write a description of Joan Crawford, in ten words or less. Submit the eight stills and the description together.

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who put together and arrange most correctly and neatly the eight stills submitted and who, in the opinion of the judges, give the best descriptions of Joan Crawford in ten words or less.

3. The first prize is a free trip to Hollywood to visit Joan Crawford; the second prize, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the third prize, $100 in cash; the fourth prize, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio; the ten fifth prizes, a Max Factor make-up kit each; the five sixth prizes, $10 each.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose.

5. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. Send all entries to Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.

CAN YOU PUT THE "Dancing Lady"



THE STORY OF "DANCING LADY"

Tod Vionet (Franchot Tone) liked wine, women and song. What is more, he could afford them.

When Park Avenue night life palled, there was downtown New York with its hectic side-shows and gaudy burlesques. It was in one of these that Janie (Joan Crawford, appeared.

One evening Tod and the police arrived at the notorious girl-show simultaneously. The latter had come to not-too-gently, but firmly, remove the scantily-garbed talent from the entertainment boards. Young Vionet paid Janie's fine at court. Which favor, he considered, entitled him to intimate and exclusive rights on the dancer. However, it did not take her long to change his mind.

After weeks of idleness, Janie finally secured a job with Patch Gallagher, (Clark Gable) director of Bradley's musical shows.

Meanwhile Tod continued to pursue Janie, who consented to marry him if the show should prove a flop. The ingenious youth assures himself of a nice break by buying out Bradley and closing the show.

At this point, Patch's ire is up. He has worked desperately hard for the show and decides to invest his savings in it and carry on. However, when he learns that it was Tod who queered its chances, he sets out on a spree to forget it all.

Meanwhile, Janie, Tod and their gay gang, just returned from a yachting cruise, are celebrating in a crowded bar. There, they discover a dejected and inebriate Patch, who, believing Janie has known what has happened and deliberately deserted the show to marry money. blurts out his side of the story. Which enlightening yarn promptly secures Tod his walking papers from Janie.

Janie takes Patch to his apartment, sobers him up and makes him promise to teach her the routines of the new show. The pair work like Trojans and finally whip the production into shape. Then, there is the matter of instating Janie in the principal role.

On opening night, Tod arrives laden with promises. Janie shall be his wife, share his millions and continue her career if she chooses. She doesn't. She chooses work, success—and Patch!



4th PRIZE: A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio

STILLS IN THE RIGHT ORDER?





Remember "Mrs. Rittenhouse" in "The Cocoanuts"?



COULD YOU "TAKE IT"?

By BARBARA BARRY

MARGARET DUMONT has been on the receiving end of more Marx mauling than she can remember.

Harpo wrestles with her. Groucho throws her for a ten-yard loss. Chico rides across the set on the train of her Patou model. And, when they can't think of anything else, they all climb in her lap and make collective love to the lady.

For five years, the Marx maniacs have been giving this girl a big hand—as well as an occasional foot—in the interest of good, clean fun. It's a rough life, mates, but Miss Dumont loves it because it is never monotonous. If you've ever watched the four brothers cavort, that last crack goes without saying.

Groucho calls her "Tootsie." Harpo cuts it to "Toots." But Chico and Zeppo get along with just plain "Maggie," much to the stately Miss Dumont's amusement.

At the time of her introduction to the Marx boys, Miss



Groucho calls the stately Margaret Dumont, Tootsie. Harpo—Toots, Chico and Zeppo—Maggie

Those mad, unpredictable Marx Brothers could make life miserable for you if you were their stooge. Read how Margaret Dumont takes it

Dumont had definitely given up the stage to fill a more important role as the wife of one of New York's wealthiest clubmen.

Previous to her marriage, she had acted as foil to such celebrated comedians as Lew Fields, and others. Sam Harris, the w.-k. Broadway producer, was so favorably impressed with her dignified "stooging" that, when the Marx brothers came to him for aid in securing the services of a capable "straight" woman, he immediately sent for Miss Dumont.

The boys liked her, gave her a contract, and rehearsals for "The Cocoanuts" got under way. And what a way!

"Every rehearsal was different," Miss Dumont smiled reminiscently. "I knew my lines, all right, but I might as well have been quoting 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' for all the attention those lunatics paid to the script!

"The opening night arrived and I was absolutely horrified! I went to Groucho and begged him to give me a coherent idea of the routine he intended to use. 'At least,' I argued, 'give me my cues!'

" 'Don't expect any cues from me!' he replied cheerfully. 'It's every man for himself!' and he patted me on the shoulder before dashing out on the stage.

THE time came for my entrance, and while the four of them romped about the stage, ad libbing hilariously, I stood in the wings with shaking knees. I strained my ears for some semblance of a cue. None came. Minutes ticked off. I had to get on, but . . . how? Finally, in desperation, I took the bull by the horns, walked on and simply forced myself in, somehow. It worked perfectly. Harpo dashed off in pursuit of another blonde, Chico and Zeppo disappeared, and Groucho and I had the center of the stage.

"What he was going to say, or do, I had not the slightest idea. 'Ah, Mrs. Rittenhouse,' he said grandly, gesturing toward a wicker settee. 'Won't you . . . er, lie down?'

"The audience went into hysterics! It was a good thing, too, because the prolonged laughter gave me an opportunity to get my bearings. That scene was the comedy highlight of the show. And it was as new to me as it was to the audience. Groucho had made up every word of it as he went along!"

But unexpected "gagging" is by far the least of Miss Dumont's troubles.

At the climax of a torrid love scene, in "Cocoanuts," Groucho wrapped his leg around the dignified lady's ankles and tried vainly to upset her. Somehow, she managed to keep her footing. But, Groucho vowed that before the season was over she was doomed to bite the dust.

"Right up until the last performance, I had the best of him in that particular struggle," she said. "And then, just at the last, he did it. Perhaps I was over-confident, or, possibly he caught me unaware. Anyhow, I went down, with a very undignified thud! (*Continued on page 102*)



. . . Come on around Hollywood with Scotty, our exclusive cameraman, and see the stars in the full swing of winter gaiety and exciting social doings!

PICTURE NEWS!

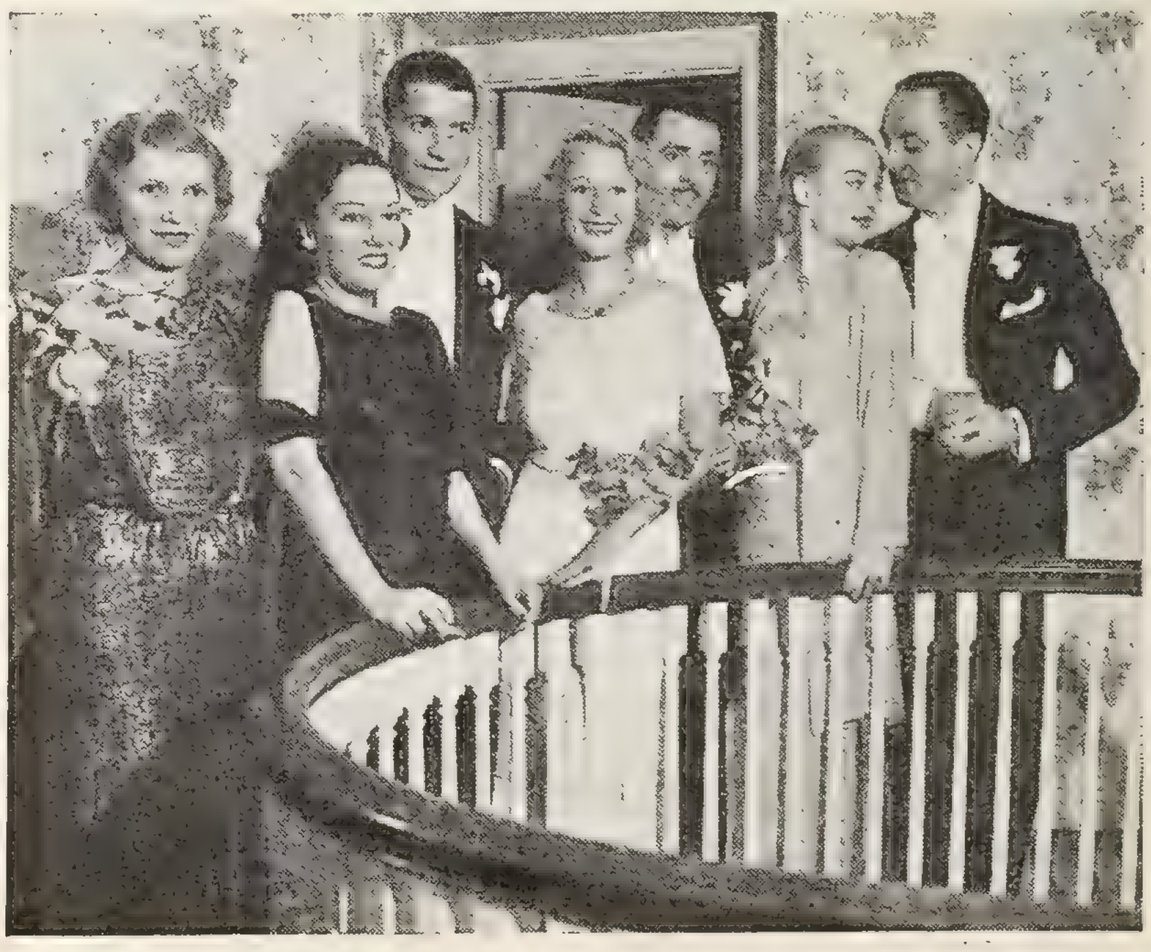


(Above) Gene Raymond and Mary Brian at the Embassy Club Opening. Gene had a party of twenty. (Below) Mary Pickford, George Brent and wife Ruth Chatterton at Mrs. Sidney Franklin's party for Grace Moore, the blonde operatic star.

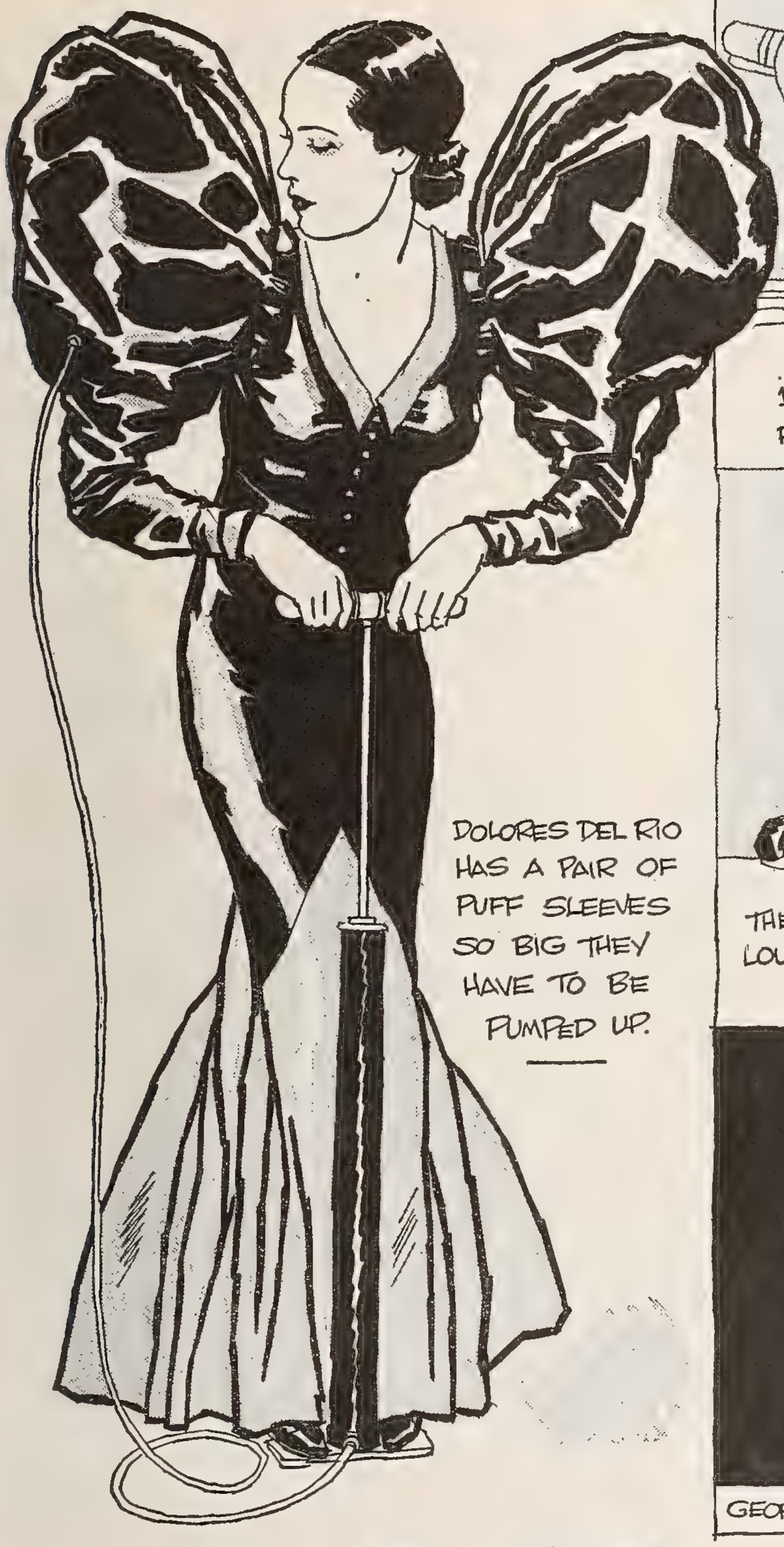


(Above) Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette MacDonald and Jimmie Dunn at the first meeting of the Screen Guild— (Below) The Franklin party again. Lef to right, the hostess, Gloria and Mike Farmer, Grace Moore and Valentin Parerra, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell.





ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



DOLORES DEL RIO HAS A PAIR OF PUFF SLEEVES SO BIG THEY HAVE TO BE PUMPED UP.



A SCENE IN "DANCING LADY" HAD TO BE RE-SHOT 12 TIMES BECAUSE JOAN CRAWFORD COULDN'T KEEP FROM LAUGHING EVERY TIME SHE LOOKED AT TED HEALY.



THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP JIMMY DURANTE FROM YELLING TOO LOUD INTO THE MICROPHONE IS TO SEPARATE HIM FROM IT BY THE WIDTH OF TWO CHAIRS.



GEORGE O'BRIEN AVERAGES 15 CUPS OF COFFEE A DAY.



LIONEL BARRYMORE ONCE WORKED IN SLAPSTICK COMEDIES.



HOW A STAR WAS CREATED

. . . It took tact, time and bitter argument to overcome the amazing Margaret Sullavan's perfectly sincere dread of Hollywood stardom

By CHARLES BEAHAN

Charles Beahan is responsible for Margaret Sullavan's entrance into the stars' ranks as the result of her hit in "Only Yesterday," with John Boles. He knows Miss Sullavan well—so well that he knew how to overcome her fear of Hollywood's habits with artists —"typing," poor pictures, fabulous salaries paid for indifferent work. Mr. Beahan is the co-author of "Jarnegan" and "Society Girl," and author of "Night for a Lady," and many other works. You will remember that, about a year ago, he married Sidney Fox, with whom, it might be added, he is ecstatically happy.

TRUMPETS sound in Hollywood, brilliant lights sweep heavenward, producers, directors, supervisors, cameramen, even office boys, are colliding with each other in the rush to take bows—for a new star has been born. With tinsel banners waving, broad grins beaming, a bright red feather for each and everybody's cap—the studio officials at Universal are patting themselves on their tummies in anticipation of a long, comfortable winter, and perhaps other winters to follow.

And why?

Because Margaret Sullavan, an unknown stage player, free, white and twenty-odd, not a raving beauty but a swell actress, came to Uncle Carl's sprawling studio carelessly tucked away in the California foothills, and gave such a performance in "Only Yesterday" as has not been seen in these parts since Garbo startled the natives in "The Torrent." Fairly bursting with pride, Universal feels that it has in Margaret Sullavan what is described in Hollywoodese as "the sensation of sensations," the makings of a household word and the runner-up for the uncrowned queen of the cinema.

And what does Margaret Sullavan think?

That blue-eyed, Southern Irish miss believes that she is a total flop in pictures, that she photographs like a pekinese (this is her own description) and that she had better stick to the stage if she wants her career to last. A courageous reaction from an actress, and yet Margaret Sullavan is sincere in her beliefs and she left the projection room at Universal after seeing a preview of "Only Yesterday" with the firm conviction that as a screen actress she would never make a go of it. On the other hand the entire screen world is proclaiming her performance and calling her the biggest discovery since Hepburn.

BUT Margaret Sullavan has always felt this way about herself in pictures. I recall our first meeting last spring. She had come to my office at Universal's New York office at my request, for I felt that she was the most promising young actress on the New York stage and potentially a great screen bet. It was my job to find personalities that would click at the box-office.

I recall her saying, "Listen, Charlie Beahan, why do you want to bother with me? I'll never make the grade in pictures. I'm not pretty enough."

"Nonsense," I told her, "you may not be a glittering Hollywood Christmas tree, but you are something infinitely more worthwhile, a fine actress—and that is what we want."

Margaret reached for a cigarette and spoke in that thrilling, husky voice of hers. "Perhaps some day I will be a fine actress if I work hard enough, but my chance will come on the stage, not in the pictures."

"Your chance will come more quickly in pictures if you get the right break—the right part."

"How can I count on that?" she asked. "You know I wouldn't sign any of those fool long-term contracts where a studio can put you in anything that comes along."

I tried to explain to her that this was impossible, that, on occasions when a studio had (*Continued on page 103*)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Margaret Sullavan for her astounding performance in "Only Yesterday."



Elmer Fryer

We honor Paul Muni for his customary dynamic work in "The World Changes."



Otto Dyar

We honor Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy for their work in "A Man's Castle."

WITH HEARTBREAK



MISS HOLLYWOOD READS HER MORNING MAIL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

SOME of the stars receive as many as ten thousand letters a month. Most of these, of course, are nothing more than requests for photographs. Hundreds upon hundreds are begging letters. . . .

"Will you send me your old clothes?"

"Will you buy me a wooden leg?"

"Will you help me get into pictures?"

"Will you pay for an advertisement in the newspaper to help me find my lost dog?"

"Will you send me money so I can get a divorce?"

"Will you buy my paisley shawl that belonged to my grandmother?"

There is the very much-to-the-point letter Roland Young received:

"Dear Roland:

"I think you are swell in pictures.

"Please send me $317.50 at once. My wife and I live with her parents and it isn't very comfortable. The radio needs repairing and something must be done to the car.

"Respectively,

_____"

However, other letters are to be found in those huge, bulging mailbags which have heartaches between the lines. Letters that wouldn't be sent anyone in the world but the stars. Letters as intimate and sacred as those things pious Catholics whisper through the grilles of confessionals. Sometimes a letter will tell more than you feel the correspondent meant it to. While another will be written with that utter lack of restraint that marks the human being who is desperate.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN hears regularly from an old couple convinced she is their daughter. It is a touching story you piece together from their letters. They are so lonely. Too late they realize how the restrictions they attempted to impose upon this child of their maturity irked and aggravated her until she reached her breaking-point and ran away. They admit they may have been over-conservative. But she was so dear to them. They always were so afraid she would venture too far, get hurt.

If their daughter could read the letters this couple write Maureen, firmly believing her to be their child, I think she would go back home.

They ask nothing, this old couple. But they send little presents. A jar of home-made apple jelly. "You always

BETWEEN THE LINES

. . . To look into the stars' mailbags is to look into human hearts. Hearts young and old. Lonely and hungry. Frantic and afraid. Desperation inspires the letters and sublime faith anticipates response

used to like apple best of all," they write.

Again and again both Maureen and her secretary have written this couple that they are mistaken in her identity, that her mother and father are in Ireland. But always their answer is the same. She need not be afraid, they tell her, they never will say or do anything that will interfere with her career. As one letter put it:

"Both papa and I know how happy you must be playing in movies. When you used to say you'd be a rich actress one day we thought it was only talk."

Then, squeezed in at the bottom of the page, there was a postscript:

"Don't forget Aunt Mary's birthday."

There are thousands of letters from young girls. They ask how to hold the love of boy-friends more loved than loving. They ask for dresses in which to graduate. And dresses in which to be married.

"Dear Miss Francis," a girl seventeen, writes to Kay,

"Long ago I saw your picture in my friend's movie magazine. You are very beautiful. You are my favorite movie star.

"If you have any old dresses or just anything will you please, please send them to me. I don't mean anything that would be of any use to you. I mean old things. I could fix them. Then I could be a little like other girls.

"When we had a who's who contest in school I was elected the best sport and most popular. But now I can't go to school anymore. I have to stay home and help with the farm work. My father can't afford to pay for outside help. Anyhow I couldn't go anywhere. I have no clothes and no money. If you have ever been left out by the crowd you know how it is.

"You are the only one that can help me and if you can't I will be broken-hearted. Please send me something. You will be rewarded some day. Please. Please. I love you. _____"

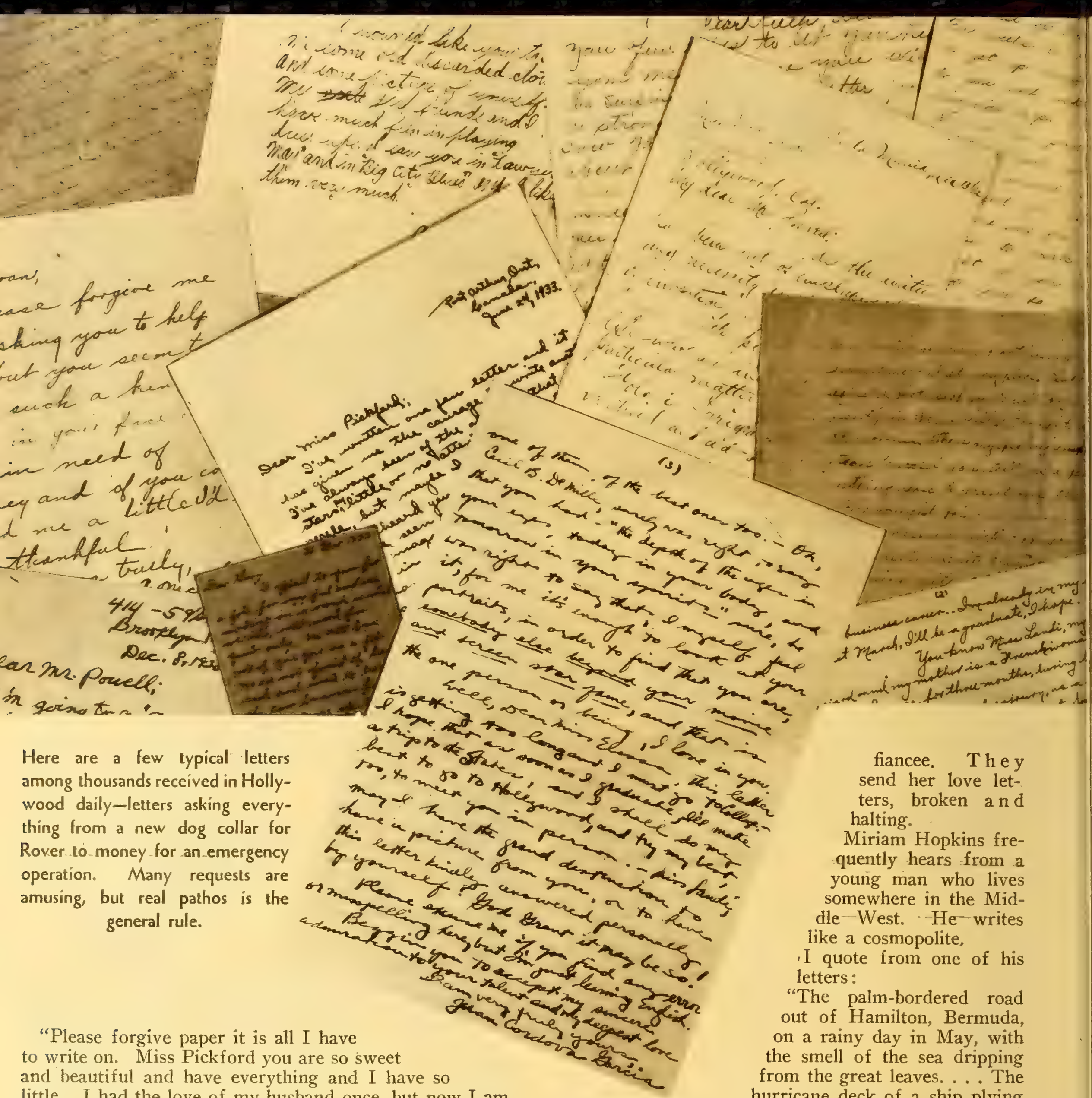
SINCE the depression letters like this have tripled. Reading them, you realize the greatest thing these last few years have cost any individual is their youth. And youth is the quality above all others that people strive to preserve.

Apropos of this is a letter, pencilled, on a page torn from a copy-book, which came to Mary Pickford.

"Dear American Sweetheart:



MISS KANSAS CITY WRITES FOR ASSISTANCE



Here are a few typical letters among thousands received in Hollywood daily—letters asking everything from a new dog collar for Rover to money for an emergency operation. Many requests are amusing, but real pathos is the general rule.

"Please forgive paper it is all I have to write on. Miss Pickford you are so sweet and beautiful and have everything and I have so little. I had the love of my husband once, but now I am getting along in years and my face is sagging. I used to have beautiful eyes but I have cried them dull. I still love my husband even though I know he is awful chaser after other woman. Oh Miss Pickford, if I could only win him back I would be so happy. What do the stars do to keep beautiful? Where do they get their faces lifted? Would you help me to do it? Your face looks so kind and I believe you will understand how I feel. Oh Miss Pickford if you would only help me.

Your Friend,

_____"

Where else can this woman turn for help? Her friends, doubtless, are as prematurely aged by perpetual worry and hard work and not enough recreation as she is herself. But the movie stars. . . . Are they not possessed of beauty secrets greater even than those practised by the ancient Egyptians and fortunes like the biblical loaves and fishes, equal to any demands?

Mary also receives many letters from shell-shocked war veterans. But these letters never are retained. They are too tragic. Several of these men believe Mary to be their fiancee. They send her love letters, broken and halting.

Miriam Hopkins frequently hears from a young man who lives somewhere in the Middle West. He writes like a cosmopolite.

I quote from one of his letters:

"The palm-bordered road out of Hamilton, Bermuda, on a rainy day in May, with the smell of the sea dripping from the great leaves. . . . The hurricane deck of a ship plying noiselessly thru the blue of a Caribbean night with the intermittent click of the poker chips in the smoking-room and the orchestra below playing a waltz."

And then, further on:

"Eugene O'Neill tries on the whiskers of Strindberg and the results are singularly unfortunate."

Miriam was intrigued. Curious, too, as to why a young man with such a colorful life should write to a stranger. Surely he would have plenty of gay friends of his own.

ONE evening Miriam and a friend, visiting her, decided it would be a lark to call this young cosmopolite on the telephone. They put in a long distance call, sure that in his comparatively small community his name alone would identify him. They were wrong however. The operator reported she could not locate him. Whereupon Miriam became more curious than ever. Not long after this when a man she knew was to be in this correspondent's town she asked that he look him up. It was only with difficulty and through (*Continued on page 88*)



REPENTING AT LEISURE

Revealing Judith Allen's marriage, the reason for its concealment—and the reasons for her repentance

By MARTHA KERR





(Above) Gus Sonnenberg, former champion wrestler, was a most ingratiating chap. But so unstable! Always getting into financial scrapes and motor accidents. Judith Allen loved him dearly, but she knew she must escape for both their sakes. (Right) Her ballyhooed "romance" with Gary Cooper caused no end of trouble.

YOU know the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"? That's what Judith Allen has been doing—the Cecil B. DeMille discovery whose work in "This Day and Age," "Too Much Harmony," "Hell and High Water" and "The Thundering Herd" you remember. She's been repenting at leisure for quite a long time.

Like everyone who has been hurt by an unsuccessful marriage she swears she won't try it again for a long, long time. For the two years that she was married to Gus Sonnenberg left an indelible mark upon Judith's heart. They were the worst two years of her life.

She doesn't like to talk about them. She isn't the sort of girl who babbles her troubles to everybody. Young as she is, there is about her a New England reserve that makes it difficult for her to talk about the things that are close to her heart. But she has wanted to clear up some wrong impressions—principally, that she squandered her husband's money and then, when she signed a movie contract, threw him over.

As a matter of fact, she knew two months after they were married that it wouldn't last. She realized that all of the things that made Gus attractive as a sweetheart—his boyish charm, his gayety, his irresponsible good humor—were the things that did not make a good husband. She realized it during the first two months of their marriage—when he told her fantastic lies about everything and then, confronted with the truth, confessed he had fibbed—and thought he could make it all right by giving her an expensive ring or bracelet. She, who wanted the peace of a home, the stability of a good husband and children, found that she dared not have children for fear they might inherit their father's faults. In her own heart she knew that it was over in two months—but she also knew that she could not accept alimony (she has a New England conscience about that) and that she could not leave him until she was able to support herself.

IN order to understand the trouble that came into the home of Judith and Gus, one must understand Gus Sonnenberg.

I'm sure you've known men like him. He is the sort of lad that people like instantly. Judith's mother thought he was a dear lad and heartily approved of the match. His success as a wrestler had not gone to his head. When he walked into a room his charm instantly electrified everyone. But he was totally irresponsible. He could not tell the truth. He was happy only when surrounded by a group of gay, laughing people. And he could not resist the sociability inspired by too many highballs.

Nothing can so completely devastate a woman as life with a man who does not tell the truth. When Gus went out, Judith had no idea when— (*Continued on page 92*)

(Above) Chester Morris with Cynthia and Brooks Morris. (Center) Wes Ruggles and mama Arline put Charles Wesley in his walker.

Babes in

(Below) Neil and Patricia Louise Hamilton are having a swell time. She's the little girl he and Mrs. Hamilton adopted.

(Above. right) John Lachlan Brown makes faces at Johnny Mack. (Right) Patricia Hamilton and some of her art work.



Joyland

(Above, left to right) Leslie Howard Gargan can't make up his mind whether or not to be jealous of small brother William Gargan, Jr. Isn't Jack Bryan Woody a sturdy little chap? His ma, Helen Twelvetrees, is positively popping with pride over him. The lady making cooing noises at Edward G. Robinson, Jr., is Anna Q. Nilsson. Mrs. Lucille Gleason is holding him. (Right) Oopsy-daisy! John Miljan and fourteen-month-old John, Jr. (Below) That's right! Geef daddy a smack! Stu, Stu, Jr., and June Collyer Erwin.

All Photographs by J. B. Scott

DOUBLE CHRISTENING

(Left) There they are. Both proud papas, both proud mamas, and both highly interested infants. (Below) Bing being an attentive host to his mother, Mrs. Harry Crosby, and James Cagney. (Bottom, left and right) Entirely too much harmony! Bing, Skeets Gallagher, Ed Sutherland and Ken Murray, singing a very loud lullaby for the two youngsters. Next, Arline Judge Ruggles, who has a very cute baby of her own, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Eilers to you) and Wesley Ruggles.



The Richard Arlens and the Bing Crosbys give a joint party in honor of Richard Ralston Arlen and Gary Evans Crosby

(Below) Chester Morris and Richard Arlen indulge in some foolishness with a couple of pretzels, while their wives, Sue and Jobyna, look amused. (Bottom, left and right) Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, that nice, friendly divorced couple, and Judith Allen. Sue and Ken Murray seem to be as devoted to each other as ever. In the next picture, Judith Allen is being positively smothered in attention and sandwiches by Ed Robinson and Joe E. Brown while Al Hall leans on the back of her chair.

Photographs by J. B. Scott











MARY PICKFORD

I'VE



JOAN CRAWFORD WITH THE AUTHOR

By HOWARD GREER

THE other day a friend of mine patted me on the shoulder and said, "Well, Greer, old boy, it's a sign that age is creeping upon you when you've lived long enough to write your memoirs."

Here I've been glancing through the autograph book that has reposed in my shop for years and jotting down everything I know about the stars who have inscribed their names, but somehow it didn't occur to me that I was writing memoirs. These aren't memoirs in the real sense of the word, are they?—since I've been skipping all over the book and am as apt as not to tell something that happened ten years ago and then in the next paragraph describe an incident that occurred yesterday.

Now here's a name written years ago, but its owner seems to have the spirit of eternal youth.

Mary Pickford has been one of my most particular and exacting customers. She takes an almost fanatical care in the choosing of models and materials but, once she has chosen, she does not change her mind. She is small in stature and knows that a dress which looks well on a



KAY FRANCIS



SYLVIA SIDNEY



RUTH CHATTERTON



MAE MURRAY

DRESSED THEM ALL

Hollywood's most important designer reveals intimate fitting-room secrets of his glamorous picture patrons in his series of delightful and fascinating memoirs

girl several inches taller than she will not look well on her unless carried out with proportionate changes.

Miss Pickford is almost maddeningly meticulous in her demands for cutting down the width of bands, belts and ruffles to two-thirds of their measurements on the original models.

I have seen my fitters stand beside her while she took the tape-measure in her own hands and checked up on the width of a belt and then compared it with the lesser width which we had cut for her.

She is extremely particular about clothes for her personal wardrobe—but a hundred times more so about her picture clothes. When we were making the famous tulle bouffant she wore in "Coquete," we had the dress photographed on the headless dummy figure used in the workroom. Back, front and side-views were photographed.

MISS PICKFORD made no attempt to give the dress anything of herself. "Of course it will look better in motion," I said to her one day, "and will have much more life when you are in make-up and in the part."

"I want to test the dress alone," she answered, "not to find its good points, but its bad ones. If it looks halfway decent on one of those dummy figures then naturally it will look infinitely better when it is seen on the human figure."

It was the first and only time that I have ever had clothes tested in a "dead" state so that their worst points could be discovered. But that's the way Mary Pickford works and, although I'm glad all my customers don't do it, I think it is a good idea.

One evening Miss Pickford was in the shop after closing hours. Bolts of material had been brought up from the stock room and unfurled before Miss Pickford in a fitting room. For a long time she compared them.

At length she made her choice. The saleswoman and I left the fitting-room and waited in one of the show-rooms while Miss Pickford put on her hat.

We sat for what seemed an hour and at length I said, "Perhaps Miss Pickford has fainted. You had better go see what the trouble is."

The saleswoman came back to me in a moment, her eyes wide with astonishment. "What *do* you suppose she was doing when I found her?" she gasped. "She was down on her hands and knees busily wrapping the material up on the bolts. When I asked her why in heaven's name she was doing that she replied, 'But I know that it's after hours and I've kept you all late. There's no reason why I shouldn't help you put things in order.'"

I rushed in to try to stop her. There were still several lengths of material on the floor, but we could not get her to leave until she had helped us clean up the room.

It is a curious thing that Mary Pickford takes such pains with her clothes, yet Kay Francis who has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood is not at all clothes-conscious off the screen.

But here's a secret. Kay is much taller than most people believe so she has to resort to a little trick to make her appear smaller in scenes with leading men. Her screen street dresses are always made an inch shorter at the back and when she walks on the set she literally slouches an inch off her height, but because the back of her skirt is shorter it hangs even with the front when she slouches. It is not a thing I'd recommend to girls in private life, but it works before the camera.

HERE is Sylvia Sidney's signature and when I write of her I feel like lighting a fire on the hearth and turning up my coat collar. On the hottest summer days Sylvia can stand a fur coat. (*Continued on page 99*)



these mad musicals!

1. She helps to speed things up in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio." Her name is Monita Castenada. 2. The principles in RKO's beeyootiful musical extravaganza—Ginger Rogers and Gene Raymond. 3. Fred Astaire, dancer par excellence, is showing Ginger the new Carioca tango, introduced for the first time in "Flying Down to Rio." 4. Alice Stombs takes off for Rio in the new flying shirt, made of a yard of ribbon. 5. And now, "Roman Scandals," which threatens to be plenty mad, what with Eddie Cantor and all. The beautiful Roman lady is Gloria Stuart. 6. The "Slave Market Scene." 7. Grace Poggi dances the Roman Rumba, one of the reasons, probably, for the fall of Roman Empire. 8. Eddie does a Cicero. 9. The Archery Scene, against a very beautiful and authentic background.

DAVID'S LOST LOVE

By SONIA LEE

HOLLYWOOD has found in David Manners a challenge to its curiosity. And here is the story which will explain David Manners to Hollywood. It goes back to 1928.

David was returning from abroad and had made the shipboard acquaintance of a delightful English couple. They were on their way to Banff and David decided to go with them. At Banff, they collected supplies for a pack trip to Jasper Park. And a guide called Jim.

On the morning of departure, a fifth member joined the party. She was Jim's daughter, Mary, who frequently went with her father on excursions of this sort.

She intrigued David. Slender, clear-eyed, with a keen mind, she would have graced a drawing-room. She was a revelation to the boy who had known sophisticated women.

His admiration increased when she demonstrated her knowledge of woodcraft. She could handle horses and was adept at making camp.

For hours, David and Mary rode woodland paths together. And there were walks along the moonlit trails when camp was made. The third day, David knew he was in love; gloriously and completely.

He told the girl as they rode into the sunset. That night the air was balmy and no tents were pitched. The bedrolls were placed on balsam boughs in a clearing. And throughout the night they talked, too deliriously happy to even think of sleep.

Their plans were simple. Immediate marriage was out of the question. David had been suffering from recurrent attacks of pneumonia, and his trip abroad was during one of his recuperative periods. He would return to New York, solve the financial problems facing him, and then send for her. They would live happily.

Mary had too much courage to cry when the moment of parting came. They belonged to each other for always. They would wait for each other.

The trip had lasted five days and was destined to modify the pattern of David's life.

On his arrival in New York, he began counting the days before a letter from Mary could reach him. He had written her en route East.

But there was no word from Mary. Each succeeding day held an added note of uneasiness for him. He was sure of her love and no mistake.

Finally, in terror at her silence, he wrote to her father at Banff, begging for news of the girl—for one line assuring him that she was well. The days stretched into weeks. Letters and



telegrams remained unanswered.

Then he heard from his English friends. They spoke of inconsequential things, which he skimmed in hope that somewhere would be a line about the girl. There was.

A postscript. And it read: "You will be distressed to hear that old Jim's charming daughter was killed in an auto accident the day she returned to Victoria."

David Manners was standing at a window of his apartment as he read that fatal sentence. The first snow of the year was falling gently. The world was in a shroud.

It was a love too perfect to have a happy ending in marriage.

MODERN SCREEN *Miniatures*

GAMBLING FOR FREEDOM . . . !

By JACK GRANT



IMAGINE breezing in late for dinner without facing the necessity of offering explanations to the little woman! Fancy spending an evening as you choose without manufacturing excuses about working overtime or sitting up with a sick friend!

Your wife doesn't even have to be in the country, if you follow John Miljan's formula for freedom. Visualize the advertisements! "Reduce your marital woes. No pills—no pain. Dr. Miljan's prescription guaranteed or money refunded."

You know John Miljan as the perpetrator of screen villainies. He is best known in Hollywood as a liberator of married men, an emancipator of henpecked husbands.

It is doubtful if John realized the import of his discovery when the formula was evolved, for it began very casually.

John and Mrs. Miljan had friends in for a quiet evening of bridge. John won and his wife lost. When the game ended, John demanded that Mrs. Miljan pay her gambling debt.

"I must borrow from you," she laughed. "I have no money. You might as well transfer the amount from one pocket into another and we'll call it square."

"Now is that right?" John protested. "If I lose, I pay. Winning, I break even."

"It's your fault for being the family's only wage-earner, John."

"There's no consolation in suffering for a virtue," John said.

So the argument raged. Mrs. Miljan offered her wedding ring for security. She thought of things she might do for her husband in lieu of actual cash. But John was adamant.

As a last resort, Mrs. Miljan suggested, "Suppose I give you a day to do just as you please. You can go fishing or anywhere you desire. Will that satisfy you, Shylock?"

"A day of freedom," John mused. "No explanations. It's a bargain."

Credit a man who knows when opportunity knocks and invites it in!

The Miljans bet upon any number of things, but mostly bridge. When they are alone, they play two-handed contract. If John loses, his wife collects the cash. If John wins, she adds the time in hours and minutes to his score. Deductions are made, as spent, from the time he has coming, but he is never allowed to draw in advance.

The only difference of opinion that has ever arisen came one night when John went to a prize fight with Wallace Beery. He was five hours ahead of the game and was gone nearly six. Mrs. Miljan inquired where he had been. John protested.

"I wasn't asking about the first five hours," she said. "Only the last one. You were fifty-five minutes late."

This incident brought a new rule into effect. Time is clocked for the full period John is away from home.

"What if I want to go to Caliente?"

"You travel on your own time."

Mrs. Miljan has observed the agreement that prohibits her from asking questions concerning her husband's whereabouts when free, for good sportsmanship on the part of the wife is imperative to the success of the Miljan's freedom formula.

WHY HOLLYWOOD SPURNED HER

By NANETTE KUTNER

EVELYN BRENT was all ready to leave Hollywood. She never wanted to return. This is her story.

"They wasted me. The producers seemed to think that because I played a crook, I was to play one forever.

"I suppose I made a mistake, but I couldn't play studio politics. I told people what I thought of them, and you can't do that if you want the right rôles. Most stars who stay on top put on a constant show. I couldn't.

"Eventually, I was out. I started watching the financial upheaval that was shaking Hollywood. I saw stars, who had let success go to their heads, afraid. I was afraid myself. I could still work for independent companies, but there was neither money nor glory in that. Then, I faced myself.

"I thought things over from the beginning. There was my first chance. It came with the rôle of Feathers in 'Underworld.' They planned to make the picture in ten weeks. But politics interfered. The director was told, after he had started, to make it in four. Before the time was up he was ordered to finish it in three days or they would scrap it. I worked for three days and nights without a wink of sleep. But we finished.

"When the picture was previewed, I heard important picture people say it was so bad it should be shelved. It was sent, without a line of advertising, to a theater in Los Angeles. The night after the opening, the papers called it the greatest gangster drama ever produced. Of course, the people who knocked 'Underworld' said they had known how wonderful it was.

"It was then they wanted to star me. I begged off. I knew I'd have a better chance surrounded by all-star casts and good stories. But nobody paid any attention.

"My first starring picture was adapted from a novel by Phillip Gibbs. The man who purchased it had never read the book. The rôle was for a shrinking type like Lillian Gish. I put up a kick, so they had it rewritten. Besides the bad story, I was given a cast and director no one had ever heard of. I finally broke my contract with Paramount and went to Radio. Things continued.



"Two years ago I was offered five thousand dollars a week to make a personal appearance tour. I turned it down. What was five thousand then? The price of a car. Now, I know.

"I went into vaudeville to see if I could actually put on an act. We opened in Omaha. I had such stage fright I thought I never could go through with it. That same week the banks closed. We were nearly stranded. At the moment I was worried where my next meal was coming from, I knew I was a trouper.

"I've done away with pride. I know I could always get a stage part at fifty dollars a week.

"Understand I don't blame Hollywood. The people there simply had no vision. In one way, it's a good thing. It's good for that new crop of young people. They won't be elevated to stardom over night. They'll learn Hollywood has changed into a sane place."

And now Miss Brent is back again. At Universal, playing in "Cross Country Cruise." Lots of luck!

MODERN SCREEN *Miniatures*

HEAD OF THE FAMILY . . . By JACK JAMISON

YOU know who Cora Sue Collins is, although you may not know her by name. Few child actresses have aroused the interest she has provoked in a few months. You saw her in "Smilin' Thru," and there was a flash of her in "Silver Dollar."

I first met Cora Sue on the "Unexpected Father" set, where her work fascinated me. She was reveling in it. "When does my scene come?" she kept asking. When her scene did come the director took her on his knee. "Now, here's what I want you to do, darling," he said. "You're lying in that bed, asleep. Daddy Slim and Aunt Zasu come in and talk together about you. You lie still as a mouse. Then they come over to the bed and Daddy Slim pats your head. Then he talks some more. And *then* you open your eyes, sit up, and put your arms around his neck."

When he put her down, Cora Sue was jumping from one foot to the other, so eager was she to try it. Laughing, she dodged her mother and ran to the bed. Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts went into their "business." Cora Sue went into hers.

"No retake!" called Thornton Freeland. "Perfect the first time."

How does she do it? What is the secret behind this astonishing baby? Mrs. Collins understands it no more than you or I. She can tell you she felt she had a child different from other babies when Cora Sue was three days old. She can tell you that after the same length of time, the baby would turn her head to listen if anybody played the piano. And she can tell you that she has always felt that her daughter would be an actress. But that is all she knows. However, there is a story behind Cora Sue!



The family lived in Clarksburg, West Virginia. Mr. Collins was a salesman for a hosiery company. There is no use in hurting anybody, so let us say merely that their home life was unhappy. Mrs. Collins wanted to take Cora Sue to Hollywood. There was no money. However, maybe the hosiery company, which owed Mr. Collins back salary, would advance the funds for the trip. It was a gamble, but she got $100. On the money, the three went to Hollywood, riding in day coaches.

Their only chance of more money lay in a sample-case which an executive at the mills had handed to the mother with the check. Perhaps she would be able to sell stockings here and there. She sold a few on the train.

They arrived in Hollywood with $5, enough to pay the deposit on a tiny apartment. Cora Sue needed a doctor. There was no money for food. None came from the father in West Virginia. A theater manager in Clarksburg failed to send a letter of introduction to one of the studios. And, now that she was within reach of the studios, Mrs. Collins didn't know how to get Cora Sue an interview.

That is the sort of predicament which ends with a caption in a newspaper: "Mother and babies found dead in apartment. Failure to find work the reason." Luckily, in this

(*Continued on page* 86)







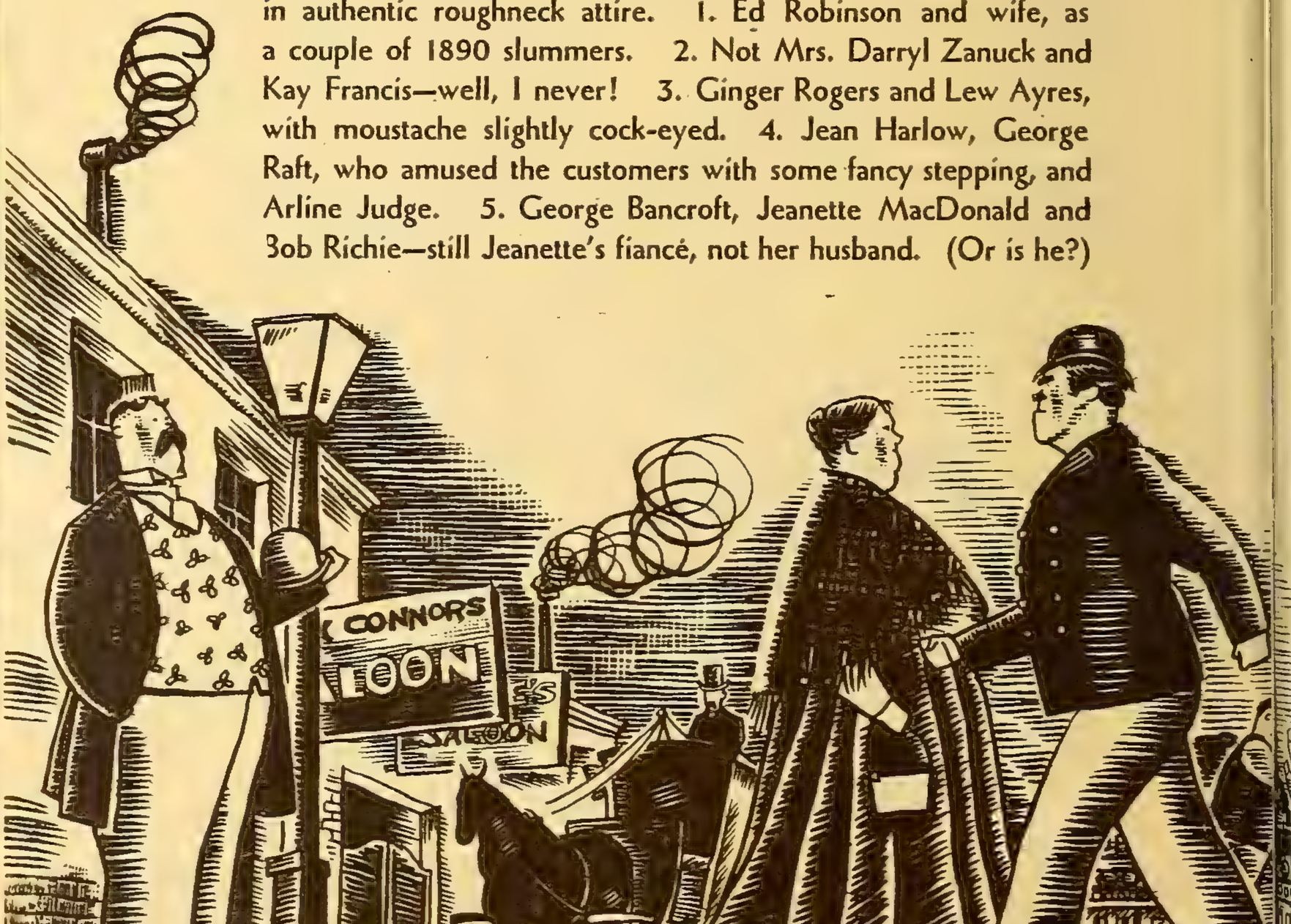




Decoration by Jack Welch

DRESSED FOR

"Oh, the Bowery, the Bowery"—what d'yuh mean, we don't go there anymore! At least, Hollywood's Vendome was filled to overflowing one recent night with celebrities garbed in authentic roughneck attire. 1. Ed Robinson and wife, as a couple of 1890 slummers. 2. Not Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Kay Francis—well, I never! 3. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, with moustache slightly cock-eyed. 4. Jean Harlow, George Raft, who amused the customers with some fancy stepping, and Arline Judge. 5. George Bancroft, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Richie—still Jeanette's fiancé, not her husband. (Or is he?)




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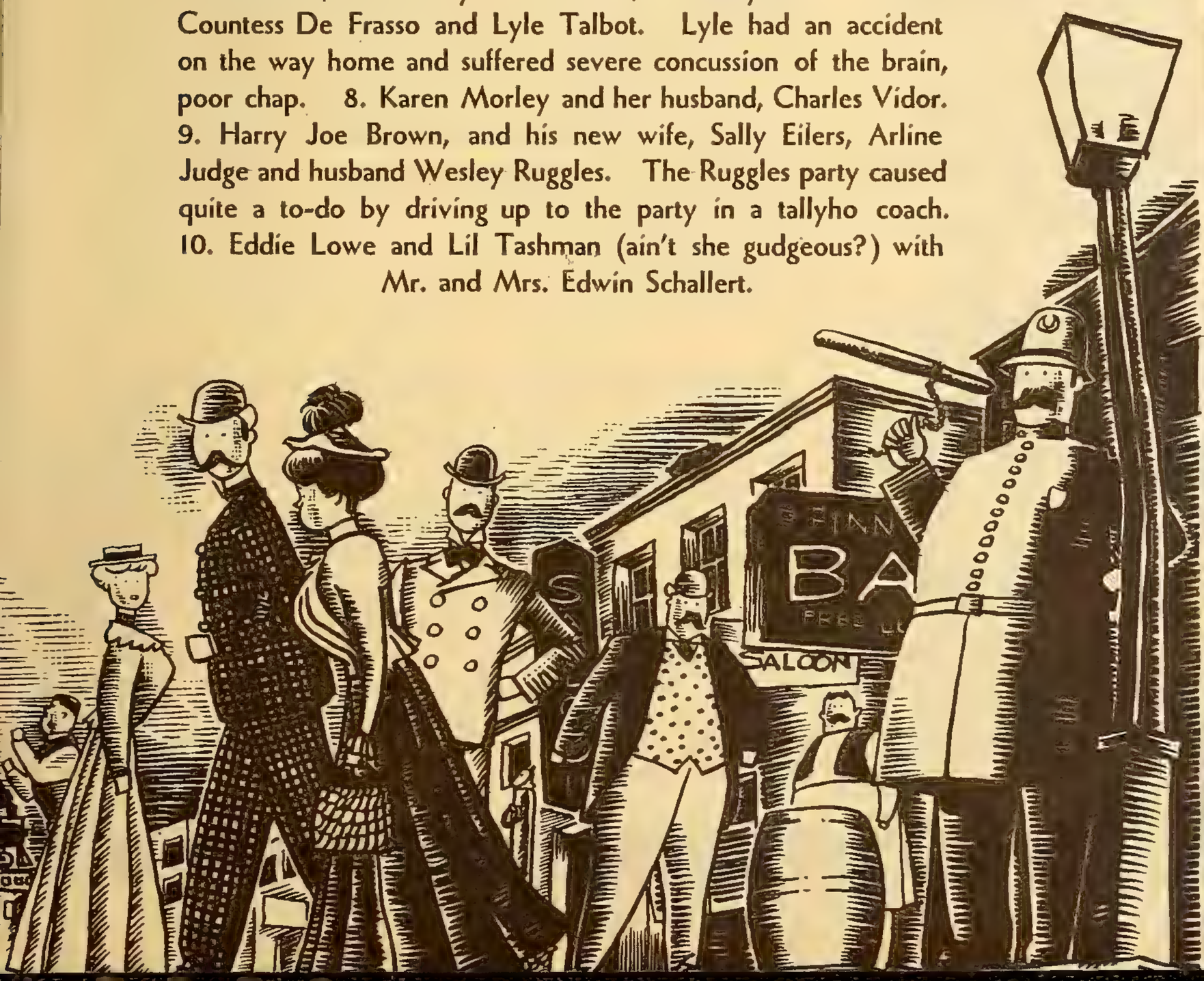

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All photographs by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman

The BOWERY

6. They were the hit of the evening. Connie Cummings and her husband, Benn Levy. No foolin', it's really Benn. 7. The Countess De Frasso and Lyle Talbot. Lyle had an accident on the way home and suffered severe concussion of the brain, poor chap. 8. Karen Morley and her husband, Charles Vidor. 9. Harry Joe Brown, and his new wife, Sally Eilers, Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles. The Ruggles party caused quite a to-do by driving up to the party in a tallyho coach. 10. Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman (ain't she gudgeous?) with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Schallert.


9




10

YOU CAN HAVE CLOTHES







The Cinema Shop (an exterior view is shown at the lower left) is a gift to girls who would own dresses exactly like the movie stars. All the dresses on these two pages are on sale at the various Cinema Shops throughout the country. (Left) Sari Maritza's black chiffon is accompanied by a pert circle of sequins which she wears for a wrap. Constance Cummings (above, left) in a woolen daytime frock which she wears in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." And Miriam Hopkins' bridal gown (above) which she wears in "Design for Living." You could, of course, wear it for an evening gown—without the veil.

YOU CAN WIN A STAR'S DRESS!

Yes, indeed! You can win one of the four dresses at the top of these two pages. The dress worn by Constance Cummings, the one worn by Miriam Hopkins (which can be used, without the veil, as an evening gown) the one worn by Irene Dunne, or the one worn by Mary Howard.

This is what you must do: Write your opinion in fifty words or less of the dress you like best of those four—and why. The four best opinions, with reasons, will win, in each case, the dress best liked by the writer. Send your letters to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. With your entry, please give the size dress you wear and what color you prefer.

YES, COPIES OF YOUR FAVORITES' GOWNS CAN BE BOUGHT AT MODEST PRICES

THE STARS WEAR . . .



You can follow the lead of Irene Dunne as she appears in "Behold, We Live," with a black crêpe dress, very much relieved by a white vest and jabot effect that buttons on over each shoulder (easily removable for washing) and has that chic quality of making a dark dress infinitely becoming. There is a long and narrow clip which is used to fasten the jabot at the pointed neckline. This is the sort of dress you can wear almost all day.



How would you like to have Mary Howard's white crêpe gown from "My Weakness"? It would be quite possible, if you shop at the Cinema Shop. This is the simplest sort of a frock, with perfectly uninterrupted lines, a square neck in front and a low back. Then, just for a dashing relief, tufts of fur are fastened over the shoulders, giving that broad look so much to be desired. A practical feature is that the fur can be removed when it grows tiresome.

By Margery Wells

POLLY SMITH wanted a dress like one Claudette Colbert wore in one of her recent pictures—wanted it till she ached. Polly knew in her heart that she was enough like Claudette to look the type exactly, if only she could lay her hands on that bit of perfect simplicity. But she had a feeling, too, that it couldn't be done. Stars' dresses were always so expensive and everything—top notch designers to create them; clever, trained fingers to make them.

"Dream on," mocked her fresh younger brother, "who do you think you are anyway? Don't forget you're only plain Polly Smith. D'yuh think we're millionaires?"

And then, one day, wandering through one of those big stores, Polly came upon a veritable doll's house marked "Cinema Shop." There were dresses on dummies in the little windows—dresses which looked strangely familiar. Certainly she had seen them somewhere before. She crept through the wide door cautiously, took a closer look around. To Polly, who had had her own insignificance rubbed into her by a scoffing family, it was as though she had stepped alone and unguarded into fairyland. For there before her gaze were ranged in breath-taking rows the very selfsame dresses she had seen some of her favorite stars wearing. Could it (*Continued on page 87*)

WHERE? HOW? READ ABOUT THE CINEMA SHOPS AND THE WORK THEY'RE DOING

Patterns for Winter Dresses and—





3131—Alice White, in Universal's "Kid Gloves," wears this dress of bright red wool embroidered with little gold dots. The sleeve top is novel, the kick-pleated skirt is practical, and the buckle setting off the belt is very modern. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

925—A distinctly smart dress of bronzeen green woolen with toning satin used for the drop-shoulder yoke. It has sheath-like lines that will make you look tall. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

300—Mandarin red crepe silk made this fascinating dress, smart for bridge or tea. It is cut along princess lines. It can have long sleeves, if you prefer. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

For back views,
see page

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure tc state size wanted.



3131 925 300

stunning hats to go with them







The Merry Widow hat has taken a definite hold on winter fashions. Claire Trevor shows one worn in the best manner (above). Black and white is the color scheme for Una Merkel's dress and hat (upper right). Then there is the black velvet brimmed hat worn by Claire Trevor (right). Dorothy Tree's visored hat is made from the same fabric as her suit (below, right) and is picked up by a scarf of leopard skin. June Knight (below) is strictly tailored in her suit and brimmed felt hat.





Hollywood charm gossip



Something new in shoulder straps. The material of Patricia Ellis' new evening gown—a luscious thing of corded white satin—is braided in very clever fashion to form straps.

INTRIGUING NEWS OF FRIPPERIES AND FOLDEROLS STRAIGHT FROM THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

MARY CARLYLE has a brand new hair style . . . thanks to the hairdresser out at Columbia studios. She has always had a yen to wear her blonde locks in a thick braid wound about her head, but somehow this style looked a bit too formal for a little gal like Mary. So she took her problem to the studio hairdresser, with the result that she has a coiffeur that leans toward the coronet but yet is very girlish. Instead of the braid, a row of little tight curls are formed across the top of the head. The back of the head from the nape of the neck to the crown is just one mass of ringlets.

● Dorothy Wilson has a rather unusual idea for dressing up her dark hair. In each wave she places a gold bobbie pin. The light pins against her dark hair are really very attractive.

● Speaking of hair, it's interesting to note that several of our well-known blondes are going natural! Helen Twelvetrees' blonde tresses are now a beautiful light golden brown. Very becoming, too. Glenda Farrell will soon follow Helen's example and one or two others are seriously considering the change. A tip from studio cameramen that dark hair photographs more flatteringly is probably the reason for all this ado.

● Mae West has the trickiest, neatest and most practical make-up box on the Paramount lot. The color is old rose (Mae's favorite shade) and it is so built that it combines vanity, beauty box, hamper and cabinet . . . and still retains beauty and simplicity in its lines. The center of the vanity is divided into compartments to hold her toiletries. The hamper is attached to one leg and the cabinet to the other. The mirror, which is hung separately, is equipped with make-up lights.

● We've just discovered something about Clark Gable. He can cook! His specialty is fried oysters—and here's his recipe:

Drain oysters. Take two cups of cracker crumbs finely rolled. Beat two eggs, add two cups milk and season. Press three or four of the oysters together, dip first in egg mixture then in cracker crumbs. Repeat, pressing into balls as you do so. Drop into hot deep fat and fry until golden brown.

Result: a messy kitchen, but a swell dish of oysters!

● George Raft has one of those new "tuck-back" suits that are the last word in men's apparel. The tucks appear on the back of the coat, starting from the shoulder line and disappearing into the narrow belt at the waistline. The tucks, very small in size, give that popular broad effect through the back. The coat fits quite snugly over the hips.

● Can you imagine putting *castor oil* in your eyes? That's what June Collyer does and she claims it's really the grandest thing in the world for giving the eye that much-sought-after luster. Its cleansing and protecting qualities are also wonderful. One drop in each eye will remove all stray bits of mascara, dirt or dust. June always uses it before working in a picture as it's a great protection against kleig eyes. (*Continued on page 90*)

To avoid *Wrinkles* treat your Under Skin

When Dryness *bothers treat your* Outer Skin

OUTER SKIN
which roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up—which tend to *dry out* its natural moisture.



UNDER SKIN
which shrinks when tiny glands fail, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here you help these glands to work properly.

WHAT *causes* wrinkles? What *causes* dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness . . . charm . . . Romance!

Today we *know* the answer to these old riddles.

How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness . . . Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into folds. Little lines form. Eventually, dreaded *wrinkles!*

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the *under skin.* Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream, your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—*instantly!* Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is the thoroughest cleanser as well as beauty builder.

How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the *Outer Skin!* That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure, it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the *Outer Skin.* It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughnesses *in one application!*

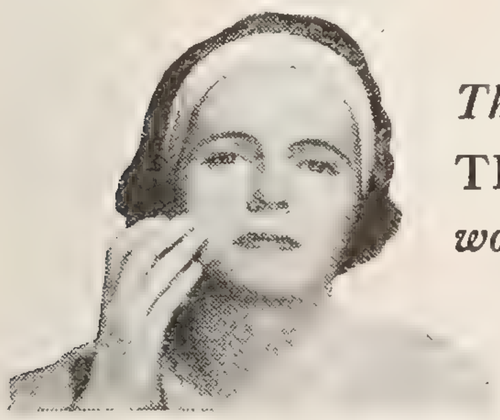
Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your make-up beautifully, and holds it for hours.



Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde skin the Pond's way . . . Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.





The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT *society women use as told by*

MRS. THOMAS CARNEGIE, JR.

1 "At night I cream face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and the day's dirt with Pond's Tissues. A second cleansing tones my skin deep down.

2 "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream—so much better than sticky creams. It takes away roughnesses, dryness . . . and it's so *delicious* to use!

3 "In the morning, and in the day, Pond's Cold Cream again. Then Vanishing Cream to prepare for make-up and prevent chapping or drying. This 2-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling alive and glowing."

MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. A, 136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name_____

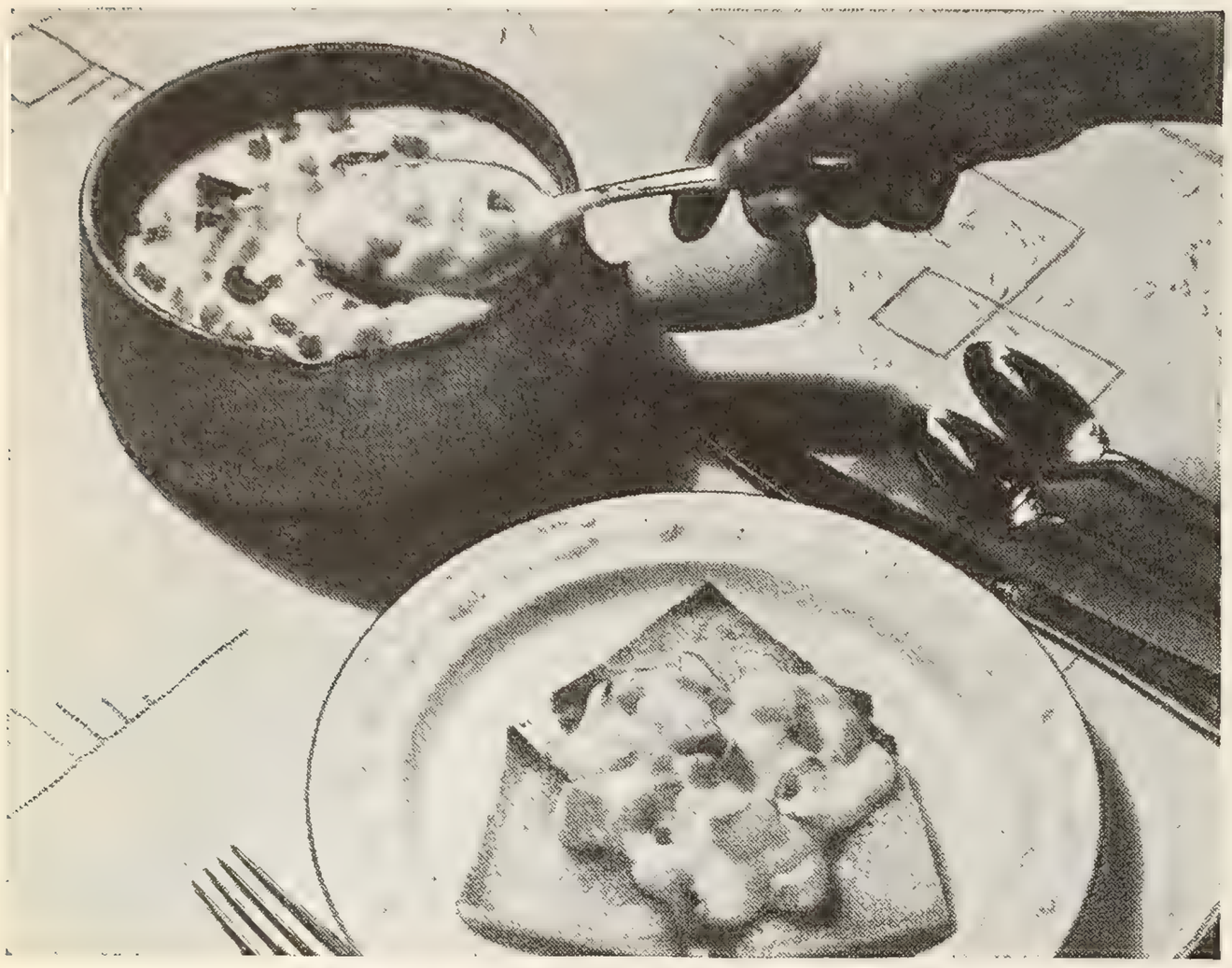
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Tune in on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

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THE MODERN HOSTESS





(Left) "Chicken à la Gargan"—named for its creator. A tempting canned chicken combination, which the Modern Hostess is pleased to pass on to you. (Right) Bill Gargan raids the refrigerator in search of ingredients for a new after-theatre dish.

Courtesy of Richardson & Robbins

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

THE party was over and it was late. Six of us piled into Bill Gargan's car. Suddenly Bill said, "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm as hungry as the proverbial wolf. How about going up to the house for a bite of something?"

"What, for instance?" asked our escort skeptically.

"Don't ask Bill that," laughed Mrs. Gargan. "He never knows himself what he's going to produce until it's too late to do a thing about it. He crosses the contents of cans and bottles with whatever he happens to find in the refrigerator and expects you to eat the results—and like it! Oddly enough, folks generally seem to think it is great."

So we silenced our companion's protests and eventually wound up in the Gargan kitchen—and good and glad we are that we did—for we picked up some ideas for quickly prepared dishes which are going to come in very handy these winter evenings, especially during the holiday season when people are dropping in unexpectedly, just when one has the least time for cooking.

On this particular evening, Bill collected eggs and butter, a loaf of bread, a can of tomato sauce and a jar of little frankfurters from the well stocked pantry. He instructed us to remove the crusts from six slices of bread and then to cut out the centers, leaving a ring of bread about an inch wide all 'round. Meanwhile, Bill melted three tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and, when we had fixed the bread, he put the slices into the pan. Next he broke an egg into the hollow center of each slice. This cooked over a low flame until the bread was a golden brown on the underneath side. Then he grasped a griddle-cake flipper and deftly turned each slice over, egg and all.

Bill had opened the can of tomato sauce and the jar of frankfurters and put them to heat in separate pans. Then, when he deemed the eggs in the bread slices had attained the correct degree of hardness, he transferred one egg slice to each plate and poured hot tomato sauce over the lot of them. He laid a frankfurter along the side of each and bade us "fall to."

We've used this basic bread and egg idea in loads of ways since, using mushroom sauce or hot Hollandaise sauce instead of the tomato sauce, supplemented by crisp bacon or sausages or thin broiled ham instead of frankfurters. Served with corn bread and a salad, it makes a good luncheon or Sunday night supper dish.

AFTER the food had been devoured we sat around to have a good-night cigarette and we took this opportunity to quiz Mrs. Gargan further about Bill's culinary accomplishments.

"Most of Bill's stunts are worked out with canned stuff," she replied, amused that anyone should be interested in her husband's frying-pan adventures.

"But can I perform miracles with canned chicken?" interrupted Bill. "You think those eggs were good? Well, wait 'till you've eaten Chicken à la Gargan! If it wasn't so late I'd make some for you right now!"

"Don't you believe him," Mrs. Gargan advised. "Since the very first time Bill first got the idea for combining

(*Continued on page 91*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for January, 1934, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

• Bill Gargan, an impromptu chef, prepares exciting late supper dishes •

"It cleared her Complexion *surprisingly* quickly"



Dr. Hufnagel is Chief of the Dept. of Skin Diseases of the Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation in Paris.

says the noted

DR. LEON HUFNAGEL,

Paris Dermatologist

One of the best known skin specialists in France, Dr. Hufnagel, co-author of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie," describes this typical case:—

"MLLE. D—typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complexion muddy. Complained of headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks her evacuations became normal. Her skin eruptions dried up and no others appeared. Her headaches disappeared and her digestion greatly improved."

"A POOR COMPLEXION," states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough.

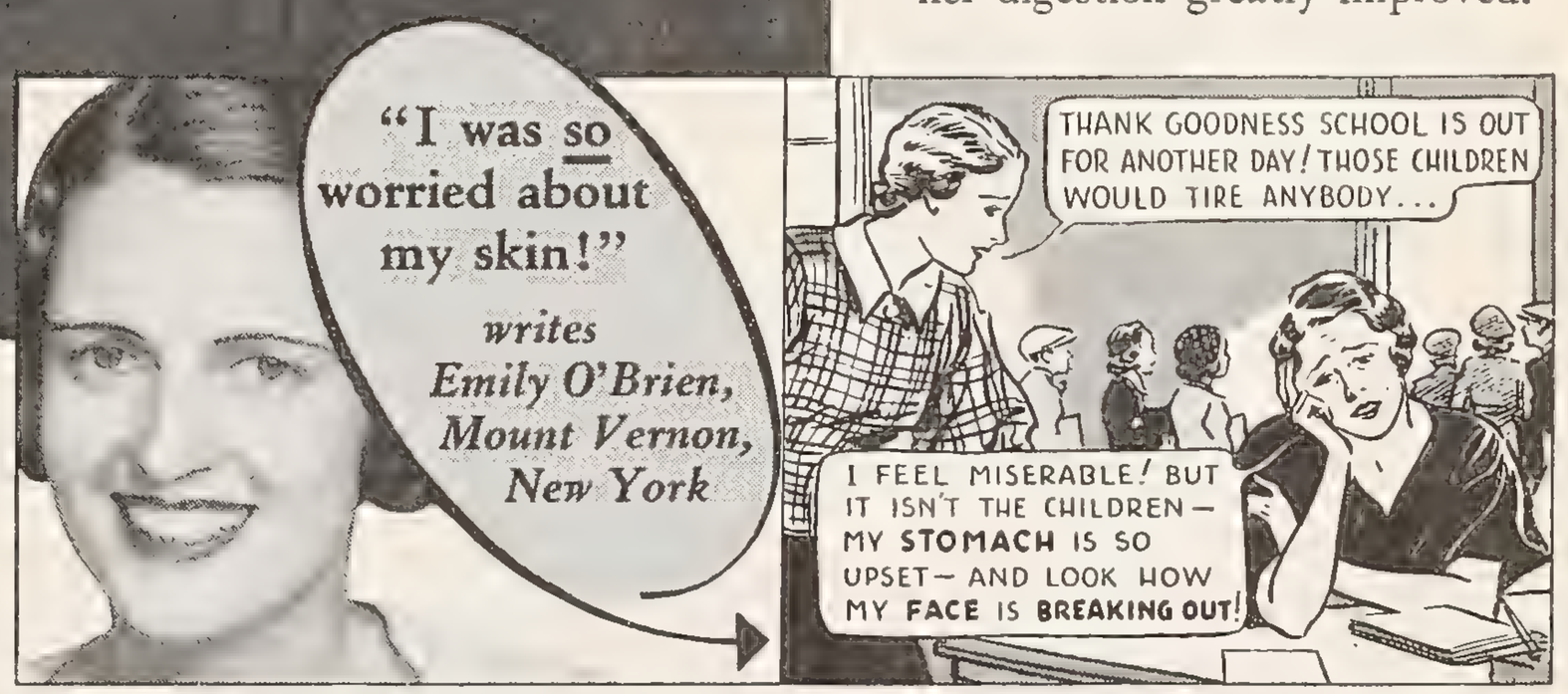
"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add yeast to their diet. *It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know.*"

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens the intestines—softens the clogging food residues—promotes the daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin and abundant energy.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

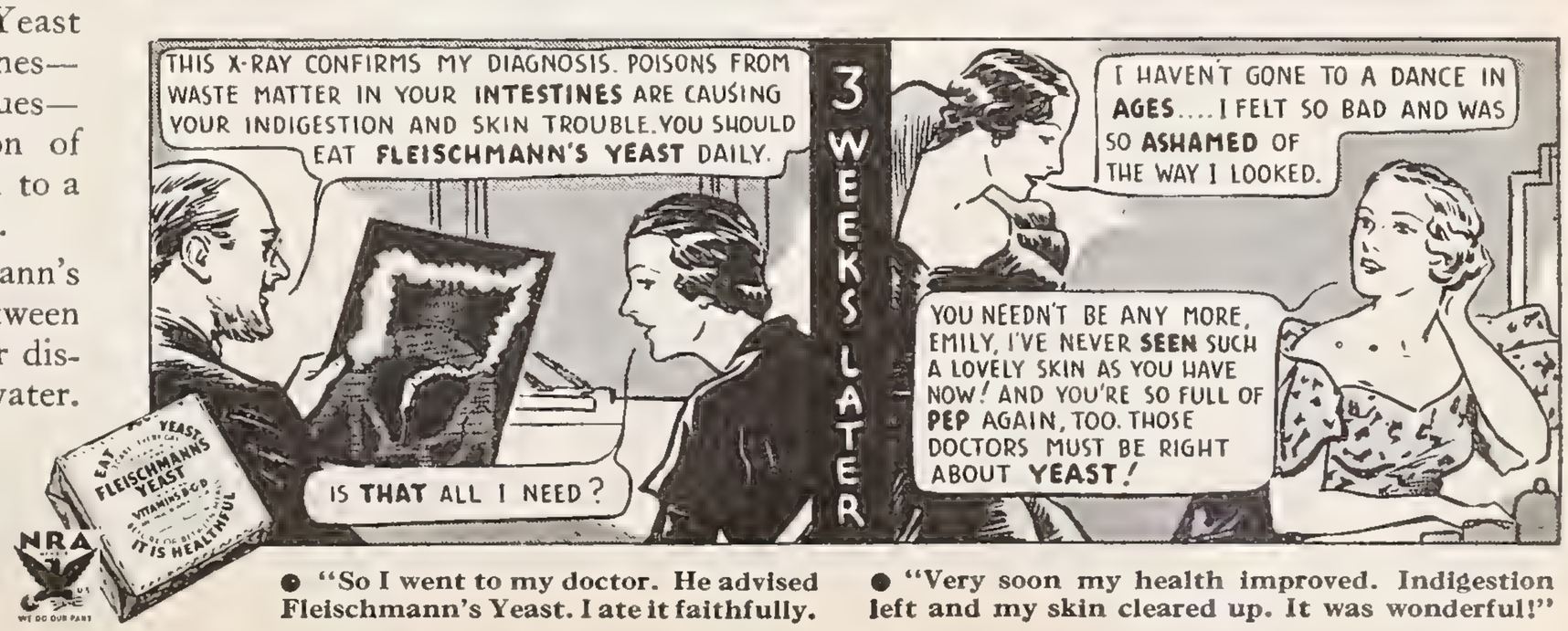
You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it—now!

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated



● "I am a teacher," writes Miss O'Brien. "I'd become run-down—had indigestion. Felt miserable...

● "Then my face began to break out in eruptions. I was horrified. I worried about it terribly . . .



● "So I went to my doctor. He advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully.

● "Very soon my health improved. Indigestion left and my skin cleared up. It was wonderful!"

BEAUTY ADVICE







Before you, you have some excellent lessons in correct posture. For standing —Kay Francis. Easy, graceful, and poised. Above, you see Dorothea Wieck in an informal, casual snapshot. Notice how straight her back is as she leans forward in that chair. Next to her, Carole Lombard is saying "Heads up!" And Florine McKinney, in her rowing machine, gives you a gentle hint about exercise that is good for shoulders.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

By MARY BIDDLE

I HATE to use the word "posture." I know that, in school, the word was dinned into you until you were heartily sick of it. I can remember when I went to school how that confounded word was screamed at me every time I turned around. Quite rightly, I admit, for, being taller than any of my friends, I was always trying to slouch off a couple of inches. A very silly idea, as I'll admit now. It didn't make me look smaller—it simply made me look sloppy.

However, whether you loathe the word or not, I'm going to talk this month about posture. And high time, too. Because the new fashions call attention so cruelly to our carriage and poise. Because the popularity of the débutante slouch, a few years ago, has left us with a disgraceful hangover of bad standing and sitting postures. Because a graceful, erect carriage is one of the first steps toward a good figure, toward *chic*, toward health.

Look at Kay Francis standing regally in the middle of this page. Look at the stately Dorothea Wieck sitting in a chair as a chair should be sat in. Look at the encouraging lift of Carole Lombard's chin and head. And look at young Florine McKinney at her rowing machine—a grand invention to pull the shoulders back into line.

You can improve your posture—maybe you'd like the word poise better?—by exercising, of course. And I'll give you some exercises later on in this article. But—most of all—posture, and poise) can be improved by daily concentration upon proper standing, sitting and walking. You must *think* about it.

And work at it. If necessary, tie a string around your finger which will mean "Check up on your posture!" I know it's difficult—we can stand and sit quite properly as long as we keep our minds on it. But as soon as something claims our attention, the shoulders droop, our middles slump and our heads duck forward. It takes time and concentration to maintain a good posture if we haven't been in the habit of it. So—let's get in the habit, before it's too late.

Considering Kay Francis again. Kay is a tall girl. Just about the tallest on the screen. Five feet seven. That's *awful* tall for the movies, you know. Occasionally, Kay must slouch a bit on the screen so that she'll be shorter than her leading man. But such a practice isn't advocated in real life and you'd never catch Kay doing it in real life. No, sir!

IN trying to figure out why people don't stand and sit properly, I have come to the conclusion that one of the reasons is that they don't know how. They think, many of them, that "correct posture" is a stiff, unnatural, uncomfortable bolt-uprightness. It isn't. Here's what it is: stand on your own two feet, with the weight evenly distributed on the two of them. Balance the greater part of the body weight forward—so that the balls of the feet take it. Now—pull in on your abdominal muscles. Hard. If you pull hard enough, you won't have to throw your chest out or pull your shoulders back. Because you'll find that the chest will naturally lift itself as the stomach is pulled in, flat and hard. And as the chest lifts, the shoulders go back where they belong. Now, check up on the rear of yourself—you don't want that prominent enough part to be sticking out grotesquely, do you? Well, then, pull it in—as you would pull it in if someone were going to spank you. Keep the stomach muscles taut. And don't give me the excuse that you can't hold your stomach in and pull your derriere in at the same time. You can, if your muscles are good enough.

Now, with weight properly distributed, tummy in, back as flat as possible and chest properly lifted—start to "grow tall." Stretch up, as if you were trying to pull yourself apart at the waist. Lift your arms, sideways, up over your head and stretch, stretch, stretch. Do this five or ten times every morning—just to remind yourself to hold a good pose throughout the day.

If you want to vary this correct posture a bit, you may flex one knee on occasions—it gives a graceful line to your clothes. You'll notice that all the movie stars, when having their photographs taken, flex the knee nearest the camera.

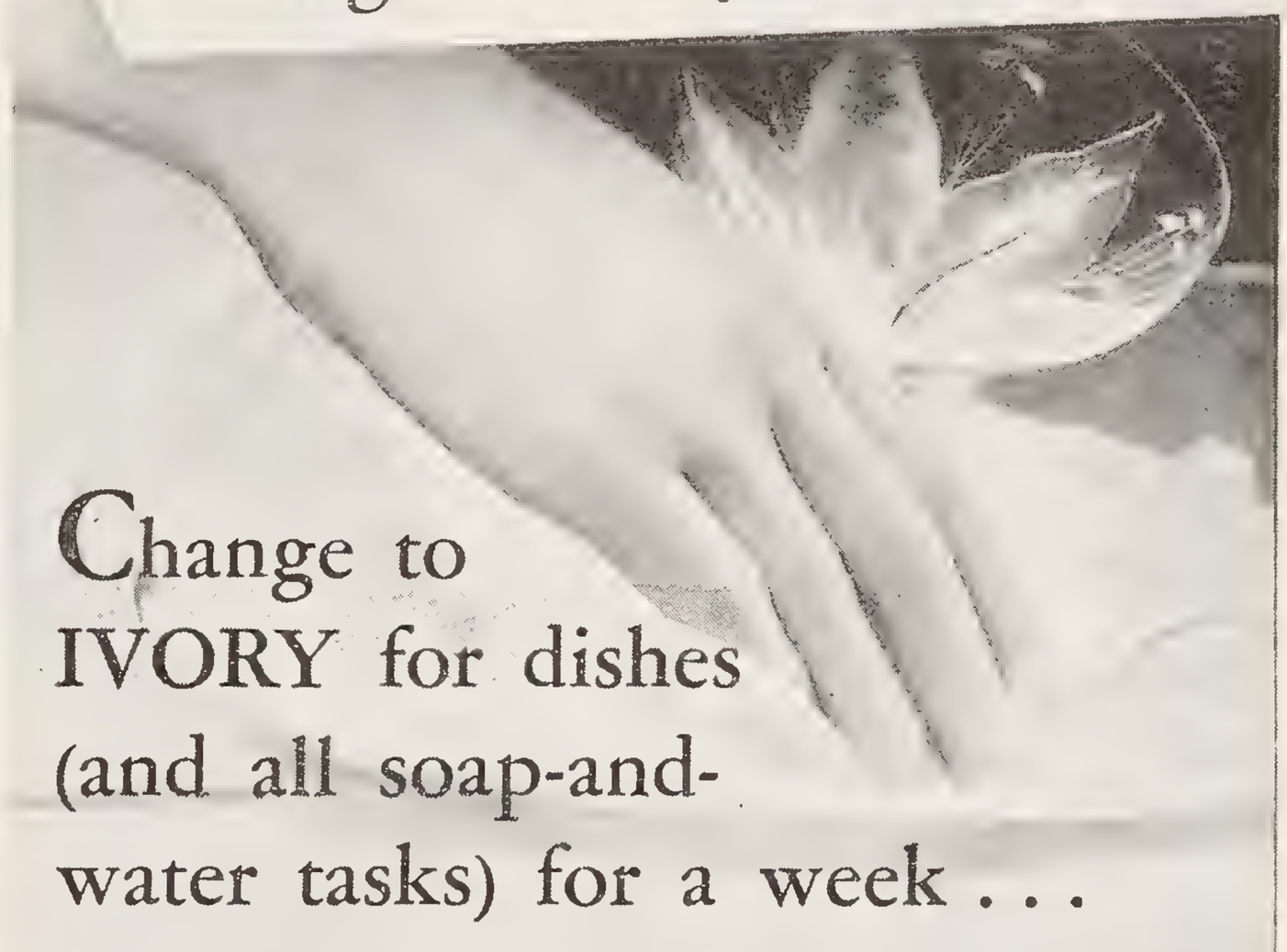
I think your sitting posture is probably worse than your standing posture, isn't it? I know that it's easier to stand properly than sit properly. Especially if you sit a great deal. In an office. It's almost impossible not to slump occasionally when you're working over a desk all day. But—if you'll

(*Continued on page 98*)

"Catchy" fingertips—
WHY?



Those dry
splinters of skin come from
strong suds in your dishpan . . .



Change to
IVORY for dishes
(and all soap-and-
water tasks) for a week . . .

Watch your hands smooth up. Ivory has no free alkali to dry and redden your hands. Although Ivory costs so little, it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"

THE *Lure* OF LOVELY EYES

can be yours with

Maybelline

Eye Beauty Aids

Now obtainable in 10c sizes





MaybellineEyelashDarkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world.

× ×



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry.

× ×



Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

× ×



Maybelline Eyelash Grower
pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

× ×

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but—insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations—for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

● RECOMMENDED ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO)—Yarn of a gal who likes her men to be tough. When her first love is sent to prison for beating up three coppers she takes on a wealthy scamp and develops him into her ideal. William Gargan, Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts. **Quite funny—okay for youngsters over 14.**

● ● **ANN VICKERS** (RKO)—Sinclair Lewis' novel has been made into an excellent drama. The story has been followed with (for the movies) rare faithfulness. Irene Dunne is splendid as the prison reformer and Walter Huston excellent, as usual, in the role of Judge Barney Dolphin. **Splendid—not for children under 16.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—Story of an interfering mother-in-law and a young bride who stands up for her rights as a wife. The late Louise Closser Hale, Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes are in it. **Very good—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—The lives and loves of several beauty operators, a successful business man and his fickle wife. Madge Evans, Alice Brady and Otto Krueger with an excellent supporting cast. **Good—not for youngsters under 16.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A fanciful tale of a modern young man who is magically transferred to the 18th century. Leslie Howard is the modern and Heather Angel the exquisite little 18th century lady he falls in love with. **A charming and different love story—dull for young folks under 16.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—A mirthful and boisterous beer comedy. Joe Cawthorne, Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. **An entertainer for the whole family.**

BITTERSWEET (United Artists)—A rather dull romance of a wealthy and beautiful English gal who elopes with her music teacher. **Not much interest for anybody.**

THE BOWERY (20th Century)—There are some awfully good spots in this, mixed up with a great deal of vulgarity and considerable bad taste. Wallace Beery, George Raft and Pert Kelton are excellent. And Jackie Cooper, too. If you can shut your eyes to the vulgarity and bad taste, you'll enjoy this rough-and-tumble—and incidentally, nicely authentic—picture of New York's tough district in the Nineties. **Good—a bit too raw for young children.**

● **THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS** (Warners)—About that interesting but little known part of the police department. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell. **Informative and exciting in spots—children under 16 will not be interested.**

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A powerful and moving war love story. Most of the action centers around a German prison camp. Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—boring for children under 16.**

● **A CHANCE AT HEAVEN** (RKO)—Vina Delmar's simple and delightful little story about a boy and a girl in love. Complications arise when a rich girl from the city appears. **Entertaining—for everybody.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—A murder mystery in a circus tent. **Good mystery—too exciting for youngsters under 16.**

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of these comedy series with Charlie Murray and George Sidney. **Good—particularly for kids.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Laughs, crooning and plenty of entertainment on a college campus. Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle. **Good—for young folks, too.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (Fox)—A grand plot involving the exciting intrigues of a group of people invited to a fashionable dinner party. A superb cast with John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morey, Franchot Tone, Jean Harlow and others. **Excellent and sophisticated drama—send the kids to a Western.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Horse-racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. **Fair—dull for youngsters.**

● ● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—A very nice girl (Ann Harding) tricks a devil-may-care bachelor (William Powell) into marriage in order to make him into a successful business man. Then she falls in love with him. When he discovers her trickery he leaves her for another woman—almost. **Sophisticated entertainment—not for children under 18.**

DOCTOR BULL (Fox)—Story of an old-fashioned but excellent doctor in a small town. He is the target of a lot of gossip and criticism because of his disregard of petty conventions. **Slow moving but good if you like Will Rogers—okay for tots.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Drama of the horror and brutality of war. Fredric March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard. **See it by all means—but leave the very young folks at home.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a good baseball yarn. **Take all the kids.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Behind the scenes in a hospital. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. **Good of its kind—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

F.P.1 (Fox-Gaumont)—Deals with a mysterious menace that hangs over an airport built in mid-ocean. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. **A different and rather exciting picture for grown-ups—but not for tots.**

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)—Moving drama of an American girl (Barbara Stanwyck) and a German boy (Otto Krueger). Their marriage is sacrificed to the World War. There is a tragic ending. **Good if you like this kind of tragedy—not recommended for children.**

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a government agent who joins up with a gang of thieves to get his man. **Exciting Western—send the kids.**

● ● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners)—Another grand musical. You'll like it even better than "42nd Street" and "Gold-diggers." Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and James Cagney and others make the superb cast. **Excellent entertainment for everybody.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—A rather uninteresting crook story. Joan Bennett and Jimmie Dunn. **Dull.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—A good race track yarn. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **Take the whole family.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—A musical that people are still raving about. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. **Don't pass it up if you haven't seen it already—youngsters will enjoy it, too.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—A sophisticated comedy about a brilliant author, his ex-gal friend, and his secretary. **Wordy, but good—send the kids to a Western, though.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—All about the exciting and hectic life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. **Several good shots of earthquakes, fires and floods—children will go for it.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A peppy little yarn about a sugar daddy, his chorus girl sweetie and the bodyguard he employs to keep off his rivals. Eddie Lowe and Wynne Gibson. **Good comedy—kids will laugh, too.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville teamed again. **One big laugh for everybody—see it.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—A post war depression story about a veteran down on his luck. Dick Barthelmess' acting is excellent. Aline MacMahon plays opposite. **Very depressing.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—And how Jean Harlow holds him! Clark Gable is the man. Jean and Clark are topnotch as always. **Good—not for those young folks under 16, though.**

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of the power and influence a mistress wields over the man she loves. Kay Francis is the mistress, an opera singer, Edward G. Robinson the man and Genevieve Tobin his wife. **Certainly worth seeing—not for youngsters under 16.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—People are still going to see this one. Very smart and sophisticated love comedy. Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **I'M NO ANGEL** (Paramount)—And she isn't! She's a lion tamer this time, and she tames 'em! Mae West at her best, this time as a sideshow burlesque queen who moves up in the world and finally marries a Social Registerite. **You'll like it if you like Mae—pretty rowdy for kids of any age.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—A good Western all about a cowboy who turns sleuth. Ken Maynard is the cowboy detective. **Send the kids.**

● ● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—Apple Annie (May Robson) kids her daughter, away at school in Spain, into believing her mother is a social queen. When the daughter decides to come see her mama, things happen. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee complete the cast. **Swell—for grown-ups and tots.**

● **LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY** (Universal)—A struggling young lawyer and a pretty stenographer can't get married because they have no money. So they frame the girl's boss who is crazy about pretty stenographers for a breach of promise suit. **A riot of amusement—kids will think so, too.**

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—A comedy of married life. Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles. **Very funny—older children will like it.**

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and a very entertaining family of mountain lions. **Good Western—take the tots.**

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical sketch dealing with the life of the late mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak. Preston Foster plays the role of Cermak and Zita Johann is his wife. **Good of its kind—too advanced for young folks under 14.**

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Story of a woman doctor who rises above a very tragic love affair and wins out in the end. Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. **Fair—dull for all the children.**

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role involving politics and love. Elissa Landi plays opposite. **Good—not for young folks under 16.**

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—James Cagney and Frankie Darro in a yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. **Good—kids will enjoy the excitement.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—All about a gang of high powered London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Allison Skipworth and George Raft. **Fairly amusing—not for anyone under 16.**

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)—A story of naval cadets. Bruce Cabot is the upper classman who doesn't always practice what he preaches. Betty Furness plays opposite. **Good of its kind—for everybody.**

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—Katharine Hepburn in a vital drama of a wistful little country girl who becomes a great actress. Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan complete the cast. **Don't miss this one—but send the children under 16 to a Western.**

● **MY WEAKNESS** (Fox)—You see Lilian Harvey for the first time in this one. An excellent little musical with some grand numbers. **An entertainer for everyone.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—That's what Richard Dix, a cagey, wise advertising man, decides. But that doesn't exclude love. Nor fast answers and amusing gags. **Very good—not much in it for young children.**

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Neil Hamilton as rivals for Fay Wray. Cooper's revenge mounts for years after Neil wins her. And then, one Sunday afternoon, comes the crisis. Frances Fuller, a newcomer, is excellent. **Excellent drama—not for children under 16.**

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Story of a brilliant doctor who sacrifices a successful career to become a plain country practitioner. He gets his reward when his skill surpasses even the specialists' in saving the life of the girl his son marries. Lionel Barrymore, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan and May Robson. **Splendid drama—tots will not sit through this picture, though.**

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—They just won't let Gaynor grow up. This time she is the romping young daughter of an Irish major. She saves her sister from marrying for money and repairs the family fortunes herself. Warner Baxter, Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly complete the cast. **You'll like it—take the youngsters.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Deals with the everlasting remorse of a mother who sends her son to war to separate him from the girl he loves. Norman Foster, Marian Nixon and Henrietta Crossman. **A woman's picture—very weepy.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—A surprising and different picture beginning with a much hated railroad man's suicide. Then his life is told in flashbacks. Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore. **You will be interested in this one—too advanced for anyone under 16.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—A not so hot crook yarn. Only the excellent acting of William Powell recommends this. **Fair—young folks will be bored.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Ginger Rogers is a radio entertainer who is billed as America's Purity Girl. This bores her no end, until she falls in love with a hick admirer, Norman Foster, who believes she's really as pure as the publicity department states. **Good—for the whole family.**

● **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE VIII** (United Artists)—The colorful life of this much married king of England. You'll be crazy about Charles Laughton as Henry. **By all means see this one—take the kids along.**

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—When a couple of young things can't pay their rent, an obliging landlord figures out a way to help them. He rents the same room to the chap (who works all night) and to the girl (who works all day). George Sidney, Norman Foster and Marian Nixon. **Go and take the tots to this comedy.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Very sophisticated comedy about exiled royalty and mad, romantic love. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard, with an excellent supporting cast. **Superb. You can see this twice over—but put the young folks to bed first.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Melodramatic love yarn on a continental express train. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. **Kids will like it.**

● **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS** (Universal)—All about a cocky football star who wins the game in spite of a broken hand. Robert Young is the star, Leila Hyams provides the heart throbs and Mary Doran the complications. Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and Johnny Mack Brown complete the cast. **The kids will think it's swell.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—Whoever sleeps in a certain room of a certain castle is murdered. Very scarey. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **There is plenty of mystery to the very end in this one—not for the very young tots.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—Spencer Tracy as a United States Army officer who disobeys an unfair order. He is discharged. Goes to China, gets mixed in a war and falls in love. **Only fair—children over 14 will enjoy the excitement.**

● **SOLITAIRE MAN** (M-G-M)—Speed, action and plenty of mystery in the cabin of a fast traveling airplane carrying a gang of jewel thieves. **One of the most exciting and thrilling mysteries in a long time—kids will go for it in a big way, too.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—An extremely emotional love drama. Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne. **Some will like it—not for young folks under 18.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A rather dull beer story. Dick Arlen and the cast do all they can with the plot. **Boring.**

S.O.S. ICEBERG (Universal)—The adventures, the extreme privations and dangers endured by a scientist and his expedition in Greenland. Rod La-Rocque, Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet. **The spectacular Arctic scenery recommends this picture—educational for children.**

● ● **STAGE MOTHER** (M-G-M)—An unsuccessful actress determines that her daughter shall be a great star at any cost. The mother almost sacrifices her daughter's love and marriage but she relents in the end. Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan are superb as mother and daughter. Franchot Tone and Philip Holmes are also in the cast. **Excellent—not for the young folks under 16.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther in a vigorous war love drama. **Good drama—those under 16 will be bored.**

(Continued on page 98)



Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

Lashes

WERE MEANT TO BE

Curly!



NO HEAT

NO COSMETICS

NO PRACTICING

No one knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else—. Now there's a gadget: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break the lashes or hurt them in any way. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. If it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store or beauty shop, send $1 with the coupon. And after you've curled your lashes, you'll probably want to take other steps too.

Kurlene: keeps your lashes and brows in condition. 50 cents and $1.

Shadette: gives mystery, depth to the eyes; four shades, brown, blue, green, violet. $1.

Lashtint: darkens your lashes; waterproof. $1.

Lashpac: compact mascara. Three shades. $1.

Tweezette: to arch your brows painlessly. $1.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
Gentlemen: Here's one dollar. Please send Kurlash and a copy of your booklet, "Fascinating Eyes." In Canada, Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Dick Cromwell Surprises You

(*Continued from page 42*)

"Joan Crawford was really responsible for my going in pictures. She never knew it. I never told her. But this is what happened.

"Like most kids, I was unhappy with what I was doing. I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't getting anywhere. And then—one night—I sat in a theatre and saw Joan Crawford in 'Untamed.' I never dreamed then that I'd ever meet her, but something came out to me from that screen. She created excitement. She made me want to accomplish something.

"I went looking for picture jobs right after that. But if it hadn't been for seeing Joan in 'Untamed' I never would have done it.

"Shortly after I had gotten into pictures I met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a few nights later I went to a preview of Joan's picture, 'Paid.' I had never met her but I saw her in the lobby of the theatre and I wanted to tell her how much I'd liked 'Paid' but I felt she'd think me just another fan and pay no attention.

"And then I saw her coming over to me. I should have congratulated her on the picture. Instead she said, 'I want you to know how happy I am about your success. Douglas told me and I read in the papers about "Tol'able David." My name's Joan Crawford.'

"Shortly after that she called me up and asked me to go with her and Douglas and Vincent Allan to the opera. Instead of having a secretary or someone do it, she called me herself.

"The opera was dull. We left early and I asked them if they'd stop by my house. They did and we sat there and talked until morning.

"Every now and then I want to write Joan a letter—when I don't see her for a long time—and tell her what a great person I think she is and maybe that I've thought she was fine in a certain picture, but she always answers those notes herself and I know how busy she is, so I hate to take up her time.

"Tallulah Bankhead is another of my favorite people but she is completely mad. I had heard about her first from a lot of friends who said, 'Oh, you must know Tallulah.' You know those people. I thought I wouldn't like her.

"And then, one night, when I was in bed, my doorbell rang. I was annoyed—as who wouldn't be?—and, groggy with sleep, opened the door a little way and yelled, 'Who's there?'

"Before I had an answer the door was pushed open and in walked a couple of friends of mine and Tallulah. Before we were introduced she walked all over my apartment saying, 'Well, my dear, it's just *too* divine.' And then she turned to me and said, 'Don't you think I'm divine?'

"If any other woman would say that you'd hate her—but with Tallulah it's different. I've seen her sit by the mirror for ages and then turn and say, 'Don't you think I'm beautiful?'

"Tallulah is one of the most supreme egotists, but because it is Tallulah and because she has so much real charm it's okay. It is a part of her like her beautiful eyes and you accept it as such.

"One day I went to see her and found her curled up on a couch, very contrite about something. 'Listen,' she said, after she had asked me if I didn't think she was divine, 'I've a secret to tell you, but don't tell Edie.'

"Edie is her companion-secretary and is the one person of whom Tallulah is afraid. Tallulah, who is lord of all she surveys and when she walks into a room takes it by storm.

"'Listen, I lost a thousand dollars gambling last night. Edie would be furious. I can't think why I lost it. I can't think why I'd gamble that much. But I really did it to impress the people who were standing around watching.'

"It sounds incredibly mad but that's Tallulah. Once she said, 'When I'm with nice people, sane people, I'm nice and sane, but when I'm with mad fiends like you—who do insane things—then I'm a fiend, too.'

"TALLULAH is always cynical, witty and bitter when she is in a group. Egotist that she is, she cannot help showing off before a crowd. She is nicest when she is with just one other person. Then she is utterly charming."

Dick paused for breath. I suddenly remembered I had a tea date—but I didn't care.

"And now?" I asked, "Who's next?"

"Hepburn—Katharine Hepburn. I want to meet her."

"Good luck," I said. "And more fine stories."

Two weeks later, the papers reported that Clara Bow and Rex Bell were about to separate and that one of the contributing causes was young Dick Cromwell.

Here's what Dick has to say about Clara. "She was swell when we worked together in 'Hoop-la.' I think the reason that someone decided the worst about us is that a smile from her is like a kiss from anybody else. She has that tremendous personality that magnifies her every gesture. I think she was pleased that I didn't make her nervous. When it came to our love scenes, it looked like the real thing to some gossips and they started the works. A crack came out in the papers and was denied by the Bells. Rightly, too—for when Clara and I did the scene where she seduces me in the picture, Rex Bell was right there on the stage."

So what can you do with a boy like that? For one thing you need never let anybody tell you again that he is a shy, country lad who goes around with the home town gals and is terrified of sophisticated, glamorous women.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 10*)

and, thanks to the great Garbo, that incomparable team, Garbo and Gilbert, are together again. There never has been a pair quite like these two. I have always championed John Gilbert and feel sure he will make a great come-back. Then, those who thought he was through for always will doubtless say they knew all along he'd return to his former place on the screen. Well, I suppose that is only human nature asserting itself and, after all, nothing succeeds like success.

Incidentally, why do you suppose Garbo persists in her refusal to have informal sentimental pictures taken of herself and Gilbert?

(*Your question may be answered in "Garbo Falls in Love" in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.*)

OTIS COOPER of Stamford, Conn., writes:

Have just seen "Night Flight" and am full of praise for it. I hope every fan sees it. Lionel Barrymore is overshadowed by John in this, Myrna Loy and Bill Gargan give excellent accounts of themselves and Leslie Fenton makes one hope to see more!

EVELYN McCLATCHEY of Riverton, N. J., says:

When it comes to handing out orchids, mine go to Jack Oakie for his comedy work in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony." His southern dialect in the latter was simply priceless. Jack is certainly a picture-stealer.

VIRGINIA DUBBS of Cairo, Ill., writes:

Why don't they make "The Sheik" again with Ramon Navarro and Myrna Loy in the leading roles? They were splendid together in "The Barbarian" and are just right for colorful, romantic stories. By the way, the "Wax Museum" was both thrilling and interesting.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON of Little Rock, Ark., says:

Let's cheer Jean Harlow for her success in "Bombshell," which proves she can make clean pictures if they'll only let her. That was one that could be graded on its acting and not on its eye appeal, which is a rare treat.

BARBARA WOODWARD of Bridgewaters, N. Y., writes:

Fay Wray deserves a medal for her picture progress. She has developed into a fine little actress through a series of mediocre roles. And another thing:—Miss Wray has managed to keep her private life to herself, which is something of a novelty in these days of newspaper headlines divulging celebrities' most intimate and revealing moments!

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



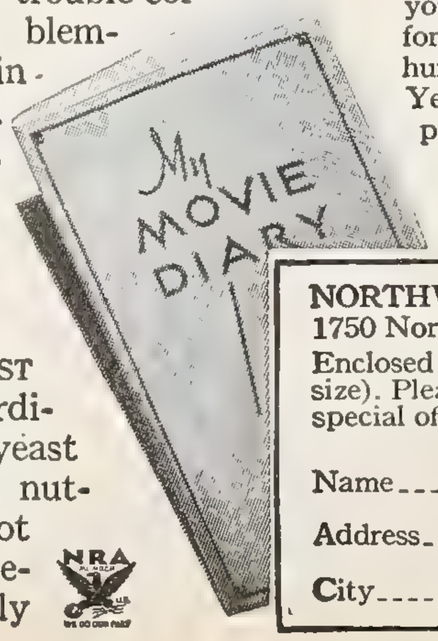
WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.



You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM1
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

Name_____

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MISS MARJORIE SHEERIN *of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—*



"My cough is gone already—

"I'm so glad I took my Doctor's advice!"

● "I had to stay home from the office," *writes Miss Sheerin,* "my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!... *Next morning my cough was gone!"*

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their *natural moisture* out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. Your throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

●



DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

Jean Harlow's Trousseau

(*Continued from page 27*)

night. You want to be exciting and glamorous, *then.*"

As if in direct answer to that last sentence, The Wonder appeared. Jean named it that at first glance. It was an evening ensemble of that very new "sauvage" velvet in a luscious deep green jewel shade. The kind of costume that speaks for itself in soft-shaded hours. There's something about a princesse frock with a train that makes you remember romance isn't just an illusion. This one was cut to the waist in back, moulded, and had a draped-shoulder effect. The only ornament was a jeweled buckle in front. The sleeveless coat accompanying it also held to the princesse line but fell in gentle folds to the ankles. Around the armholes were corded rolls of the sauvage velvet.

"Oh, oh!" came an exclamation from beside me, *"there's* my formal 'picture' gown." Every trousseau needs one. For those occasions when you want to be outstanding at a large ball or at the theatre. And there simply isn't anything like corded gold lamé. It's striking without doing sharp things to the figure. And pictorial—oh, my dears! Especially when it just hints at being an Edwardian court dress like this one. Get out the plush album and look at those pictures of mother-as-a-girl. Likely as not she'll have buttons skipping down the front and a ruffle around the bottom. Then look at the 1933 version of an old and honored style —"zipped up" to be in tune with modern times. Tantalizing, isn't it?

IN this case the buttons skip down the back with only the top one actually buttoned—and they emphasize the very snug fit of the gown. Adjustable kinds of necklines are the newest thing for both day and night. With this gold lamé, you can either close it high in front or leave it to fall into a soft rever that ends in a sun-pleated ruffle. You have to be well poised to wear a gown of this variety with distinction. All picturesque gowns demand poise and good posture. So do trains. Ah, these trains. You find them on house coats and long sleeved dinner dresses as well as formals.

The best way, if they're not too long, is to catch the dress in back just above the knee and lift it until the train is out of harm's way when you dance. Otherwise carry them over your arm. The ruffled fish tail kind that adorns Jean's "picture gown" is particularly popular. And that little shoulder wrap would add an exciting touch to any frock. It's straight cut, you see, and folded over on one side for about three inches. The idea is to join it high in front and let it drape, cowl fashion, down the back. The stiffer the material, the better the cowl effect.

Naturally, as soon as Jean saw that black velvet and ermine creation it was as good as sold. She can't resist it. Ah me, who could? Charming . . . dramatic . . . dazzling. That's black velvet with touches of white fur!

First of all it has that stunning new décolletage that rises serenely about the throat under the chin and goes sliding down to the waist in back. It's slit in such a way that you can wear it open for dancing and closed for dinner. A rhinestone clip gives the bodice a very slight draped look. And notice those dropped shoulders again. They're considered a shade smarter than bare shoulders. The gown smoothly suggests that you've been poured into it and tapered off—until you come to the bottom, which ends in a devastating train. There are two startling slits in the front hem which make it even more exciting but they have a very practical purpose —to give you freedom of movement. And don't overlook that huge double bow in back. It's grand to effect lissom lines on slender people—but if you're a bit thickish through the hips better leave it off. The sandals you see Jean wearing are black and silver.

Usually, for evening, you want to look *so* poised—at your glamorous best. Then let me tell you, get either one of the latest fascinating "monk's capes" that hint that you're in a dashing mood, or a three-quarter length fitted coat similar to Jean's black velvet. Yes, it's part of the above mentioned ensemble but you can wear it as easily with pale chiffons or slinky white satin. The ermine collar has self buttons and there are magnificent ermine cavalier cuffs.

You see, short jackets and flares are *young* and sprightly. Perfect for co-eds who want to look perky enough to capture football heroes. But hardly in keeping with the "grand dame" air.

LOOK how youthful and seventeen-ish Jean appears in that cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed. The high collar of the mink-brown satin blouse is the one sophisticated thing about it. Tweed and satin! They're doing astonishing things together this winter—and going innumerable places. To luncheon, on to the matinée and tea, to make that Sunday afternoon call when you don't want to look too "dressed up." The suit has a soft, not-so-tailored look. Padded shoulders, wide lapels, a single link button closing the coat. And an unusual stitched treatment that winds up in three inverted pleats in front makes the skirt *different.* A tiny mad hat with a band of mink around it strikes a corresponding note with the mink muff.

Oh, there are a lot of things you can do with a suit like that. Have you noticed the coat is collarless—which means your fox skin can swirl around it one day and your neat little kidskin jabot set it off the next. Or you might just let it serve as a complement to the collar of your blouse as Jean does.

Collars—dress necklines—they do for your face what frames do for pictures.

The thought crystallized suddenly when I saw Jean in that little black velgrana frock with its small stand-up collar accented by the most feminine of fly-away lace bows.

But supposing you wanted to give a worldly wise air to the frock. Take off the lace. Supplant it with a daring flare of ribbon or one of these white satin collars that goes off at bizarre angles and has equally bizarre cuffs.

With a little imagination, there's no end to what a bride can do with her trousseau.

But let's be quite frank for a minute. No clothes in the world will give charm unless there is *personal daintiness*. Elsewhere in this magazine there is a whole department devoted to it. An expert advises on the finest method of cleansing the skin, of arranging the hair, of using depilatories.

"Personally, I believe more thought and money should be spent on interesting daytime clothes than on formal ones," observed Jean. "Somehow, evening things always manage to look intriguing—but it's difficult to make *everyday* ones romantic!" Which was why she decided on that scrumptious Scotch plaid and logwood seal outfit.

It's the sort you'd choose for gala days with *him*. Comfortable and just right to put you in a gay gypsy mood. The swagger coat is of the seal, lined with plaid woolen to match the wrap-around skirt. Then, just to retaliate, the skirt sponsors a pocket trimmed with a band of the logwood seal. The angora sweater blouse is the last word in slipovers. And have you noticed that most of the sports hats are brimmed now? That brown felt one is and young Mrs. Hal Rosson certainly knows how to wear it at a dizzy angle!

"Hal and I actually fell in love during our first golf game together," mused Jean. "I think I'll get that green wool golf suit to commemorate the occasion!" It would be a tribute to any such occasion—that suit. So trig and tailored with its wide stitched collar and trim lines. Jean wears the newest type of oxfords with it, those with side closings, and her sweater is of green angora with two-tone crochet ties.

She bought the accessories along with each costume—which, after all, is the most satisfactory way to shop. It occurred to her that a brown corded wool suit she had purchased needed a very special kind of topcoat—and she found it in a loosely woven tweed in brown and white check. An awfully swanky coat that flared around the bottom and tucked snugly under the chin.

Then came the riding habit. Unquestionably they *do* bring out a certain fascination in a girl! Jean's final choice was beige and brown. A beige suede slipover that fastens down the front, with brown leather buttons and has the new laced collar and cuffs; a coat of the same suede that has enormous buttons and patch pockets; beige cavalry twill breeches; brown boots that match the buttons and ribbon on the hat—and you have symphonic splendor for the bridle trails!

And so we came to the end of a glorified day—and Jean's glorified trousseau.



Reduce
YOUR
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it won't cost you one penny!



• This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

TEST . . . the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

If You Met Max Baer

(*Continued from page 33*)

everyone shouted. "How do you know?"

"I just been watching her all morning," Max answered.

They wouldn't believe him until he had told them exactly what scenes had been taken and what costumes she had worn. They checked up with the assistant director and found it was all true.

This is how it happened: Max had thought it might be amusing to watch Garbo work. He didn't know one had to have a drag with the heavenly fathers to be allowed on her set. So he just went up to the door of the stage and asked to go in. The guard on the door explained that there was no admittance. And then Max looked at the guard and the guard looked at him and suddenly they began shaking hands and thumping each other on the back. Seems the guard had once been Max's sparring partner, so he said Max might go in and look at the set but the minute Garbo and the rest of the company arrived he must leave.

Max promised, but he had no more than gotten inside when Garbo appeared. He hid behind a flat and stayed there all morning peeping out at intervals to see The Garbo emote. And what was the poor guard to do? Go in and haul the future champ off the set? Well, it didn't seem feasable—so Max, his second day in Hollywood, saw what few people who have been in the studio eight years have ever seen.

MAX fought his first fight when he was nineteen. It was an impromptu battle at a school dance. He knocked his opponent out and the next day bought a sandbag and boxing togs. With these came his decision to become a fighter. In Oakland, California, he trained at the famous old Jimmy Duffy Gymnasium and while there was picked up by a manager. In his first professional fight—with an Indian, incidentally—he knocked the fellow to the floor four times in the first round and knocked him out in the second. Altogether he has fought forty-seven ring battles. Thirty-five were won by knockouts, seven he won by decisions and five he lost.

Jack Dempsey is Max's closet friend. Dempsey tells him what to do—as much as anyone can tell him what to do.

In the ring Max has one idiosyncrasy. If he sees a pretty girl at ringside he can no more help showing off before her than his friend, Garbo, can help running from people. So he prances around and looks over his shoulder to make sure she's watching his every move. In doing that he leaves himself wide open to his opponent's fists. But instead of being a bad thing, it's a very good thing. When he is actually hurt he begins to get mad and when he's mad he forgets the girl and starts in to fight.

On the set, during the first scene, he and Carnera played like a couple of kittenish lions. Max is a great one for a joke and thinks it's a scream to put tacks in the director's chair and things like that.

They told him—just before the divorce—that he was talking too freely about his wife, that it was wrong for him to say she was jealous of his career and older than he, etc., etc.

Max was surprised.

"I shouldn't talk like that?" he repeated.

"No, you shouldn't," his adviser said.

"Okay," said Max. "My mistake. I'll never do it again."

Head of the Family

(*Continued from page 67*)

case, it didn't happen. Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien met the little girl, fell in love with her and gave her pretty dresses. Then Nancy Smith, a top-notch publicity woman, ran across the family and volunteered her services. When Cora Sue finally got her "break," it came through a stranger. A year after Mrs. Collins had come to Hollywood, she was standing on the Boulevard one day with Cora Sue. A woman touched her arm and asked, "Is the little girl in pictures?"

Mrs. Collins confessed that was why she had come to California.

"Wait a minute," said the woman. Stepping into a drugstore, she telephoned Alice Calhoun. In a few days Cora Sue had an agent. And, within a few more, he had given her a chance at a part. Mrs. Collins was selling stockings when the call from the studio came, and the little girl had her first interview with a casting director alone. She vamped him shamelessly! And got the part.

And, of course, then other casting directors saw her on the screen—and other offers came.

Not that all these tales you hear of Hollywood's rich rewards are true. No. Cora Sue still lives in a tiny apartment and rides on street cars. But they're happy, that family. Cora Sue chatters of the day she will buy a home for her mama, a course at an art school for her sister and a trip to Europe for all of them. Six years old, she answers her fan mail herself, sitting at her own desk and using her own fountain pen. She has a kitten named Cuddles and a boy friend who lives next door. But, though romance is all very well, she has her career to think of, Cora Sue feels.

"Well, goodbye," she says abruptly to her beau. "I have a call in the morning and must get my sleep."

All of which tells you that she's a sweet lamb. But which does *not* tell you where she gets her astounding ability. As for that, there's no telling. She's a born actress, that's all there is to it, I guess.

Garbo Falls in Love

(*Continued from page 12*)

a man who had once loved her as few men have loved any woman. And who now, once more, but in such a different way, was dependent upon her for his life—for with Jack, his professional life is vital.

How different this is from the days when Gilbert and Garbo made "Flesh and the Devil," "Love" and "Woman of Affairs." Then he was in love with her, and he thought she returned his love. It was not difficult, then, to perform love scenes convincingly.

But now, when he is not before the camera, he sits in a far corner of the set and watches, watches this woman now so obviously, so intensely, in love with another man. And she does not care that he notices, even seems to flaunt this thing before him.

He can tell himself that it no longer matters to him what Garbo does, whom she loves. He has a devoted wife of his own. But say what you may, it is a keen, crushing blow to his vanity, and no one has ever said that Gilbert is not vain.

M-G-M holds an option on his services in case his performance in "Queen Christina" is successful. Will it be? Can the fire that he once possessed spring up again under such disquieting circumstances? Well, already they are talking of casting him in "The Merry Widow," for which Maurice Chevalier is scheduled.

But time alone will tell!

Clothes the Stars Wear

(*Continued from page 71*)

be possible that the Claudette Colbert dress would be among them?

Her trembling fingers reverently pushed back one dress after another where they hung on the rack. She expected, it must be confessed, any moment to be waked from her dream. And there—the last one—believe it or not, was the Claudette Colbert dress with all the cuts and stitches just as Claudette had worn it. But, of course, Polly knew she could never afford it. Her slender clothes allowance only admitted of a fifteen dollar dress now and then—perhaps, sometimes, for a very special occasion, she could go as high as twenty. So, pondering and longing, she fumbled for the price ticket.

Then she felt certain she must be dreaming. She couldn't believe her own eyes—$15.75. She was sure it said that. But she'd make certain. She wasn't going to make a fool of herself right out in public.

She dropped the tag like a hot potato and timidly, almost beseechingly, she begged the salesgirl near her, "Please tell me the price of this dress?" she asked. That was the price, the same one she had seen on the ticket.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost

ONLY 10¢



You can pay $1 or more for your lipstick, rouge and face powder. BUT, you *cannot* buy greater purity or finer quality than that found in Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢! Does that sound unbelievable? Then read this report from a famous Research Laboratory:—"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 or $3." No wonder, in this new age of common-sense buying, smart women everywhere are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids!

FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
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10¢ each at the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

TO STOP A COLD QUICK

—Treat it in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. A cold is an internal infection—keep that in mind. It is an infection that usually passes thru three stages.

The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third, the Mucous Secretion stage.

The 4 Effects Necessary

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is expressly a cold remedy and it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.



Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

"Does it come in size 14?"

"Yes, certainly," was the prompt reply.

Well, that evening, Polly's family looked upon her with a new respect. She had got her wish, and in spite of themselves, her folks could not help but admire her appearance. She had been right after all, had chosen well, and more than that she *did* look a little like Claudette Colbert, though they hated to admit it.

WHAT was more, Poily Smith knew in her heart that this wasn't the last movie star's dress she would own. She meant to go on indefinitely dressing as the movie actresses dressed. There was that shop and there she would do her buying, or she'd know the reason why, for every last stitch she wore from that day on.

Polly had a lot of sense, really, for behind the creation of the star's wardrobes lie a lot of skill, originality and knowledge of what is good taste in style. It must be so, for they lead the younger world of fashion and they cannot afford to make a misstep. Young American eyes are too quick to pick a flaw, too sensitive to any lack of style sense.

Over this broad American country are scattered three hundred and fifty cinema shops, tucked away here and there in larger emporiums, shining like jewels in varied settings. There you can find selected fashions from popular screen plays—something, many things, in fact, to suit the types of all of you. And you can be certain of their fashion rightness. No need to ponder over that. They have been worn by those who know how to choose and how to carry them. They are right from every angle.

They say, in these shops, that customers come in with pages from Modern Screen gripped in their hands, asking, "Do you have this dress or that, shown in the illustration?"

What a relief to have fashion responsibility removed from your shoulders. Another thing! Stars' clothes are not necessarily seasonal, meaning that as far as style is concerned, they can go on from summer to winter and through the between seasons. You see, the movies are that way. They're produced in the North, the South, the East, the West, throughout the period of a year, maybe two. The clothes the stars wear must be so fashion-right that they will be knockouts over all that area and period.

I hate to say, "I told you so," but that is what I have always been preaching. If a dress is absolutely O.K. for style, it will last. You don't have to be so horribly seasonal when you know your style. Well, the stars and their fashion advisers really do know, so all you have to do is to follow the lead, and that's a happy enough thing. You want to do it, so enjoy yourselves. Now it *can be done.*

When you realize that most of the dresses in these Cinema Shops (and don't forget there is one near you) can be bought for from ten to twenty dollars—a few go as high as thirty-nine fifty, then you know they are in your class, and perfect they are in every detail.

If you want to know the name of the Cinema Shop in your own neighborhood, or the prices of the frocks shown on these pages, write to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, and the information will be sent to you.

With Heartbreak Between the Lines

(*Continued from page 56*)

perseverance that he found him. For the young man turned out to be not a travelled cosmopolite at all, but the son of an obscure butcher, a boy who never had crossed the boundaries of his native state.

Are this young letter-writers' phrases the phrases of someone else which have appealed to him, or is he so drenched in the travel magazines he reads that he knows intimately both things and places he never has seen? It would be difficult to say. But this much seems certain:

Hungry for intellectual companionship and eager for stimulating contacts, this young boy writes Miriam hoping to establish a correspondence with her which will in some measure compensate him for the limited boundaries of his existence.

Human beings hunger for other things than food.

Any number of charities, for instance, offer shelter and medical care to people who are in need of these things. But charity robes at best are ugly. And young girls long for soft, fine things. So, like all the rest, these two write to the movie stars in Hollywood, that land of plenty.

"Dear Marlene Dietrich," their letter goes:

> "We are a couple of poor girls and we have been in a sanitorium for a year. Our parents haven't been working since the depression started. We are in need of clothing that you wear in a sanitorium, for instance, bath robes, pajamas, sweaters and etc. Things that you don't need. Will you kindly notify your friends and see if they could spare a few things. We will appreciate it very much if you do us this favor.
>
> _____"

Sometimes letters come from men and women a little mad. Like the man who writes Myrna Loy insisting he is a descendant of a high priest. He claims to have received messages to the effect that Myrna is the reincarnation of a princess dead for centuries. It is vital, he says, that he be near her inasmuch as her people constantly send her mes-

sages and letters through him.

THERE are begging letters by the hundreds. Some of them come from professional beggars. Others come from men and women in need. Like the man who wrote Richard Dix.

"Dear Sir," his letter read:

"Please do not be angry when you read this letter as I am not what you might think. I have a nice job coming up the 15th of this month. Which will be the first steady job in 14 months. The job calls for neatness and fairly good clothes. Will be running an elevator, wages $100 per month.

"I beg you to loan me enough to get myself in shape so I can accept the job. I know I am taking a desperate chance by doing this, but I have nothing except what is on my back.

"I really need a pair of shoes. And I could get a suit of clothes for $11.90. I don't think your clothes would fit me as I am only 5 ft. 4½ inches in height, 47 years old.

"If you think you can help me by sending me enough to get myself in shape for the job I will be ever thankful to you. Whatever amount you send me I will pay back part of it twice a month.

"Won't you please give me a fighting chance to get out of the breadline and back in life where I belong.

"Yours respt.
———."

SOMETIMES a secretary is so touched by a letter that the star to whom it is addressed sees it. Occasionally this letter will make an equally strong appeal to the star, it will be investigated, and something done about it.

Not long ago Mary Pickford received an air-mail letter from a woman in an eastern state. This woman wrote that she had been awakened at midnight and advised by the press that her son in Los Angeles had shot himself. She pleaded with Mary to go to see her boy, to try and cheer him up. She wrote Mary, she explained, because she always had been impressed with Mary's love for her own mother.

Immediately Mary wired that mother, penniless and powerless in her little eastern village, that she would do what she could. She put her secretary to work locating the boy. Eventually they found him in the psychopathic ward of a Los Angeles hospital. When he recovered sufficiently Mary arranged for him to work on the United Artists' lot and finally for him to return east to his mother.

Other stars have done similar things.

Marie Dressler is very careful about answering the scores of letters she gets from young girls asking her advice in regard to their personal problems.

The late Louise Closser Hale received innumerable letters from elderly people. Women mostly.

"Dear Mrs. Hale," one mother wrote:

"I am writing to ask if you could get me some work to do in the



Charlie Chase and a player in "Arabian Tights"

"Ah, Sahib, you Legionnaires are so Mysterious!"

SHE: . . . Tell me, how did you ever come to join the Foreign Legion and forsake your pleasant country for this hot desert?

HE: That, mademoiselle, I can never divulge. And please don't speak of it again, for I am trying hard to forget. I have cut myself off completely from my native land, and I want nothing to remind me of it.

SHE: Absolutely nothing?

HE: Well—er—nothing except my monthly copy of

FILM FUN

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine

Attention! Don't forget to buy your January issue now at the nearest newsstand

movie studios. I could play mother parts. I am sixty-eight and have white hair.

"My two sons are married. I don't see much of one because he lives in Canada and has two children and he can't afford to come to see me. My other boy does well but his wife is selfish and I know he has a hard time even to spare me what little he does.

"I am not afraid of hard work. We never had much money, but I used to manage so we could live in a good neighborhood and my boys could have a nice home. My boy met his wife in that neighborhood I saved to live in. I'm not narrow, but it worries me to see the way things are going. They drink too much. It would be better all around if I could earn a little something for myself.

"Please excuse this letter, but I had to write to someone and I can't let my friends know the way I feel. Sometimes they criticize my daughter-in-law and I have to stand up for her. My boy loves her.

"Your Friend,
————."

So it goes. . . .

There is the weary wife, sick at losing her husband's love, seeking to recapture her lost beauty. . . .

There is the once popular girl of seventeen unable to leave a farm now because she must do the work of a hired man and she has no pretty clothes. . . .

There is the obscure butcher's son who dreams of the sights and tastes and smells of far lands. . . .

To look into the stars' mail-bag is to find heartaches between the lines.

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED







Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Hollywood Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 74*)

● While we're on the subject, Mary Brian, whose gorgeous violet eyes have enchanted many a lad, believes a natural eyebrow line is more becoming to her type of person than the narrow plucked eyebrow. This latter, she believes, should be worn only by exotic gals like Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow. Mary's eyebrows are quite wide and, incidentally, always innocent of any makeup.

● Joan Crawford's favorite gown is plain satin in that new luscious shade called Wild Blackberry . . . Carole Lombard has a pair of gloves to go with every costume, usually made of the same material . . . Jean Harlow has a beaded evening bag shaped like a miniature muff . . . Irene Dunne fastens a twisted gold chain at her neck, with two clips, to lend decoration to a severe street outfit.

● Fay Wray's new earrings are really a sight to behold. Platinum encrusted with diamonds and emeralds. They extend all the way around the ear, following the natural curve of the ear. Naturally, when Fay dons these sumptuous ear gadgets, her hair is worn well back of her ears.

● Open-work sandals continue to be the smart footwear for evening, even though it be winter. Gold and silver are the most popular, and are worn with any and every shade of gown. The heel is getting much attention. Rhinestone or diamond studded ones are gudgeous for evening, and colored ones are good for either evening or daytime. Marlene Dietrich has a pair of black patent leather shoes with spiked red enamel heels that are veddy smert.

● Dolores Del Rio wears two rings, exact duplicates, one on each hand . . . Pert Kelton has a new snappy little hat patterned after the football helmet. It's called the Gridiron Bonnet . . . Ann Harding has a green wool street dress with the hugest metal buttons in Hollywood. They're exactly four inches across.

● We can't figure out why, but we know for a fact Dorothy Tree (Columbia's new protegé) dabs a wee line of rouge from the tip of her nose to the top of her upper lip.

● Mae West in full formal attire—now *that's* something to walk a mile for! She appeared at the Colony Club in a black net gown that sprayed out over the arms and around the bottom and set off the West—er—personality to distinct advantage. The bodice and flares were studded with rhinestones and she wore an ermine wrap lined with silver crepe.

Not long after that, your "look-out" spied her at a very swanky party given by a studio executive. She was poured into a pomegranate red velvet that had one of those push-up bosoms (Mae hasn't gone in for high necks, you know) and a train that she carried attached to a little loop about her wrist when she danced. That loop demanded investigation. Mae told us she has them snapped on to all her trains so that it's a simple matter to handle them when the music starts.

● Seen at the races: Lyle Talbot in a long, belted swagger coat of brown antelope suede. Warren William in a checkered cap and the loudest of red scarfs, tied bandana fashion around his neck. (Why is it the most conservative of men like brilliant colors?) Clark Gable in a yellow sweater vest and dark brown suit. And over against the rails, Joan Crawford, shouting encouragement to her favorite, was in a black wool jacket that was all ridged and puckered. It accompanied a black wool frock and her ascot scarf was brilliant red.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 76*)

canned chicken with tomato soup, noodles, mushrooms and half a dozen other things, that dish has graduated and it is now something which, far from being made on the spur of the moment, is fixed ahead of time.

"Another of Bill's triumphs involves eggs and canned corned beef hash," continued Bill's wife. "This dish is made by removing the hash from the can so that it comes out in one piece. Then you cut it into slices about an inch and a half thick. Butter these slices on each side and fry them and, when they are done, park a poached egg on top of each slice. With this, serve plenty of chili sauce and hot rolls."

"And don't forget my Chili Con Carne. Why that dish is a stroke of pure genius!"

SO, you'll find it in this month's collection of Modern Screen Star Recipes, which includes, besides the Quick Chili Con Carne and the Corn and Tomatoes, a recipe for a really easy dessert—Apple Butter Roll. Everyone in the family will adore this and the Chicken à la Gargan pictured at the beginning of this article.

Doubtless you will discover that the secret of the success of these dishes is *seasoning*.

Not only are there many canned foods, but many ways in which they can be pepped up. Canned cream soups, for instance, attain instant magnificence when topped with a spoonful of salted whipped cream and a dusting of minced parsley or paprika. Canned spaghetti achieves distinction with the addition of bits of chopped celery, green pepper, pimiento or onion, and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Combinations are important, too, such as serving noodles with chipped beef, peas with creamed canned salmon on toast, brown bread (which can be purchased in a can) with baked beans. These are but a few suggestions for quick, hunger-satisfying meals.

HERE is a recipe for an excellent luncheon, supper or late-at-night dish. But don't forget, there are four more recipes just waiting for that coupon. We're sure you'll enjoy each and every one of the Gargan treats and that you will find them useful every time you want to assemble something tasty in a short time. So be sure to send for them now.

ASPARAGUS AND EGGS PIQUANTE

Canned asparagus
Poached eggs
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups scalded milk
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup grated cheese
Toast
Canned pimiento

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?



If you have one miserable cold after another—if you have four or more colds a year—you're what medical authorities call a "Colds-Susceptible." Very important to you, then, is the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Used at that first nasal irritation or sneeze, they aid in avoiding many colds altogether.

If you have much trouble in throwing off colds . . . you're a Colds-Susceptible! To help reduce the severity and duration of a cold, use the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. Just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime. Like a poultice it "draws out" tightness. And all night long its medicated vapors bring soothing relief.



Welcome News For COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES!

In thousands of clinical tests . . . supervised by physicians . . . Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds, has cut their *dangers* and *expense*. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.



VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS



Want Some Money?

Decorate Art Novelties at Home

Our big FREE Book in colors tells how. New methods of home decoration simply explained so anyone can learn quickly without previous training. Book contains many handsome color illustrations. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful, finished art objects right from the start by our new three step method. We show you how to begin making money *at once*.

No Canvassing New "Automatic Salesman" furnished you. No selling or canvassing necessary. Assures immediate income opportunity up to $35 a week and more. Everything furnished including Complete Artist's Outfit FREE OF EXTRA COST. Write now for Book and full details —absolutely FREE. Be the first in your community!

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This 97-lb. Weakling Became "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

CHARLES ATLAS (Actual Photo)

They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days* that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy

I'LL PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 87-A, 133 East 23rd St., New York City.

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I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."**

Name.....
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Address.....

City.....State.....

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Repenting at Leisure

(*Continued from page 57*)

or how—he would come home. He had had innumerable automobile accidents. Judith was frightened stiff every time she knew he was driving a car. One of the accidents ended in a manslaughter trial—to which Judith went with him—and stuck by him—and helped him in every way she could.

Argue with him she would, of course. There was the time for instance, when he came home eager with enthusiasm.

"Listen, baby," he said to her, "I'm going to be rich. You're going to be wearing diamond bracelets up to here—and you'll be swathed in sables. We've got to take all the money we have and put it in a fine investment that a friend of mine just let me in on."

With her heart sinking Judith asked, "What is the investment, Gus?"

He smiled—that charming, ingratiating smile. "I know it sounds like a sucker game, baby. But this one is on the level. It's a marvelous gold mine!"

The next morning she was out early consulting with their lawyer. He began work on it immediately and in a couple of days she had all the data to show Gus that it was just a fantastic scheme.

She had the absolute proof. But would he believe it? Would he believe her? He would not! Time and time again he invested his money in fake schemes.

NOTHING could dampen his good spirits. Each time he had an accident, each time he lied to Judith, each time he made her hopelessly miserable by staying out all night, each time he lost his money he would promise solemnly that this was the last time.

At first she believed him. She would say, "He has changed—I know it." And for a few days he would be an angel. But he could only keep his promises for a few days. And those maddening nights when she was alone and the ring of the telephone sent a knife of terror through her heart would begin again.

Then she knew that she must do something to make a living so she could leave him. She went back to dramatic school. She wanted nothing, as I've said, but a home and a good husband and children. But these things apparently were not to be for her.

Gus disapproved of dramatics. He wanted her to go on parties with him all the time. He couldn't understand why she insisted upon studying. And all the time she was learning an art that would, she felt, eventually release her from the bondage of marriage to such a charming but thoroughly irresponsible person, her heart was torn by the continual uncertainty of life with Gus.

She had married in haste—fallen for his sweetness and charm. She was repenting now.

It was while she was in New York trying to crash Broadway that she secured a screen test. And that led to a contract with Paramount. Then—at last—she was free. She was independent of him. She could get a divorce without having to accept alimony.

But was she free? How could she be sure? Gus had promised to give her her freedom. But Gus had promised so many things—and had kept so few.

In this state of mind she arrived in Hollywood. To the studio she explained the situation and they told her it was best to keep quiet about her marriage.

ONE day she met Gary Cooper on the lot. She saw him several times at the studio and chatted with him and he seemed to be a nice sort of lad—quiet and understanding. So one night, at a party, she sought his advice.

She told him something about Gus and asked him, "Do you really think the studio is doing right in demanding my silence? You know much more about Hollywood than I do. I don't want to jeopardize my career when it's only just beginning!"

Gary sided with the studio. He thought a policy of secrecy was best.

But while they were talking a photographer snapped their pictures together. You could tell by that picture that they were in earnest conversation and since every time Gary Cooper is photographed with a new girl, it's news—that photograph went out over the country and was printed (with appropriate captions) in most of the newspapers and magazines.

In the East Gus saw it and read the caption: "Gary Cooper's new flame." "Hollywood's latest romance," etc., etc. And the next thing that happened was that Gus appeared in Hollywood.

For he had not believed Judith when she said that she wanted her freedom. He had thought that this going to Hollywood was just a lark and that, of course, she would come back to him.

When he saw the picture of her and Gary in the paper he thought that it was time to stop this Hollywood lark. But when he arrived in Hollywood he found that Judith had changed. She was no longer the little wife who would forgive him his lies.

She was free now—and independent. She had made a remarkable success, considering that she had been in Hollywood so short a time. This was what she had been waiting for, for two years—this moment when she could assert her freedom. And there was no budging her now—no matter what he did.

So, at last, Judith is free. Living a new life. And although she is free from worry, one could not say she is happy.

Two years of misery and unhappiness she has had and although she is her own woman now she has been left embittered.

"I repented at leisure," she said. "I know something about marriage I didn't know before. I am skeptical of everyone. I believe nothing. Perhaps I'll change—but right now I feel that I never, never want to be married again."

Ten Hollywood Stories

(*Continued from page 17*)

through stating my side and then I'll lisshen to you. You go 'round saying you know more people in this club than I know, don't you? Just answer me that!"

"Why, I never said any such——"

"Kindly lemme get a word in edgeways, if you please," said the actor with elaborate politeness. "You say you know more members of thish club 'en I do—more than anybody knows? A'right, then, you answer me thish: Do you know Jerome Lawrence—he'sh member here?"

"Certainly I know him," said the badgered one. "As it happens, I also know his brother, Oscar, who looks so much like him."

"Ah, hah!" exulted the intoxicated one, with the air of having led an unwilling witness into a damaging admission. "You say you know Jerome Lawrence and you say you know his brother Oscar that looks so much like him? Well, then you know so mush, tell me thish: Whish one of 'em looks the most alike?"

● For two hours, pausing only to catch his breath, a certain he-idol of the silver screen told Frank Case of the Algonquin Hotel, how good he, the said he-idol, was. The subject seemed to fascinate him. He went on and on and on, for reel after reel, relating the picturesque details of his glamorous career, describing the high lights of his own overpowering personality, listing the tally of his own successes, quoting from memory copious extracts out of favorable press notices. Finally the patient listener began to fidget.

"And now, Mr. Case," exclaimed the actor, "I've talked long enough about myself! It's your turn to give me *your* views. Tell me, what do you think of my latest picture?"

● As one may gather who reads the despatches from Hollywood, not all the kings and queens of the movie world are heavily burdened with education. In fact, I violate no confidence but merely reveal a somewhat commonly known trade secret when I say that some of our screen stars really do not write the articles on art and culture and kindred subjects which appear from time to time in moving picture magazines under their famous names. The press-agent does the work; they merely take the credit for it.

There is one rarely beautiful creature whose earlier mental cultivation was somewhat neglected. There are still a good many topics upon which she is ignorant. In fact, one man said of her once that the only word of two syllables that she knew, was fillum; and another, who had known her before she became illustrious, declared that they had to burn down the schoolhouse in order to get her out of the second grade.

This young woman was sitting in a Beverly Hills restaurant giving the

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SHE stared

into the muzzle of his gun and her eyes were dark with excitement. Her lips were slightly parted, the nostrils dilated.

"A stick-up?" she asked.

"A stick-up," he answered, "and if you'll be so kind, please hand over that purse."

She made a little grimace.

"Why pick on me?" she asked. "There are so many others who have more and . . . "

He pushed the muzzle of the gun towards the bare flesh of her perfectly formed throat.

"No argument," he said. "Pass over the purse."

She handed it to him. Her fingers went to the clasp of a diamond ornament.

He shook his head.

"No," he said, "you may keep that."

Her eyes showed astonishment.

His left hand extracted a lacy handkerchief from the purse. His eye caught the embroidered letter.

"Your initial?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," she said. "It's A for Anita."

"Ah! And the last name?"

"Is that," she asked, "any of your business?"

He bowed and his even, white teeth glinted under the line of his black mask.

"It is always so much more satisfactory," he said, "to know the identities of the persons one robs."

"I feel under no obligations to add to your satisfaction," she told him icily.

"Very well," he said, prowling around in the purse, "perhaps I can find a card. Ah, here. Miss Anita Sendwick."

She gave him an icy stare of disdain, doing nothing to acknowledge or deny her identity.

He took the card and the handkerchief, dropped both in his pocket, closed the purse and returned it to her.

"All right," he said, "you may drive on."

Her face showed utter incredulity.

"Drive on where?" she asked. "You're not taking me with you?"

He shook his head.

"You don't mean," she exclaimed, "that this is all you want?"

What was his reply? And what did this amazing stick-up man really want? You'll find the thrilling answer in "Behind the Mask," a complete novelette in the December issue of ALL DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. Get a copy today and enjoy the many other first-rate detective stories in this absorbing magazine. It's at the nearest newstand now —and only 10c. Ask for ALL-DETECTIVE!



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crowd, as the saying goes, an eyeful. Her fragile loveliness showed to particular effectiveness in the costume she wore.

A professional rival was stirred by the spectacle to pay the vision a sincere compliment. She arose from her place, crossed the room and, bending over the star, said to her:

"My dear, you look tonight like a bit of Italian Renaissance."

"Is that so?" snapped back the beauty. "Well, just lemme tell you something—you don't look so doggone good your own-self, neither!"

● Into the "brain room" of his studio marched a celebrated independent producer and on the table before his staff of directors, editors and technicians, he slapped down a thick sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, after a short but dramatic pause, "in twenty years experience producing moving pictures, this is unique. This here is absolutely, positiffly the only poifect script I have ever seen in my life. And I tell you that before we start altering it!"

● At one of the big plants they were making a movie dealing with Scriptural times. One scene showed the court of a savage potentate. For the role of the monarch a huge, coal-black Afro-American was selected. He made his entrance, scantily garbed in barbaric trappings. For added realism, it was decreed that over his shoulders should be draped a live leopard. Just before the animal was brought out of her cage, her trainer gave her a shot of morphine to keep her docile and quiet. She was a lady-leopard.

A small negro, newly arrived in California from Texas, was detailed to accompany the giant on his triumphant entry and to fan him with a huge ostrich-plume fan. The costume of this supernumerary consisted of a breech-cloth and an ankle-bracelet. He took himself and his role very seriously, which, of course, was exactly what the director desired. In advance, he was warned that no matter what happened, he must continue to fan the savage king until ordered to leave off. A slip on his part might ruin the whole film.

Midway of the scene, the leopard suddenly woke up. Presumably, the dope was dying out in the spotted beast. She emitted a snarl and began to wiggle off her perch upon the big black man's shoulders. With one hand he grabbed her by the neck and held the spitting, squalling creature at arm's length.

There was an instantaneous scatteration. The director, the cameraman and the supporting members of the cast, beat it for places of safety. Only the little darky held his ground. Mindful of his instructions, he continued the fanning operation; but the fan trembled and quivered in his grip, and his rolling eyes were focussed on the struggling leopard, and out of the corner of his mouth, with all the fervor of which he was capable, he entreated the big negro over and over again in these words:

"Do not cast her aside, brother! Tha's all I asts you—do not cast her aside!"

● Probably most of the readers of this periodical are familiar with the story of the negro who worked as an extra at one of the Hollywood studios, and who, in the filming of a scene purporting to show an African jungle, was called upon to enter a camouflaged cage containing a performing lion. The prospect did not appeal to the candidate. He demurred.

"What's the matter with you?" said the assistant director. "That lion's not going to hurt you. That lion was brought up on milk."

"So wuz I brung up on milk," said the unhappy darky, "but I eats meat once in a while now."

Martyrs to Ambition

(*Continued from page 34*)

the other absent person.

I have no doubt that all these lovely and talented young women are very much in love with their absent husbands, but I am wondering how long it can last. After all, habits are so easy to form. You can make the habit of getting along without the person you love best in the world. You can forget each other's language. And you can find that, after all, the major part of your existence is your work, your own set of friends, the language *they* talk, and your ambition—while love and a husband can prove to be only a minor affair, an interlude—charming, delightful and exciting, but just an interlude.

You can't think in terms of—I—I—I—which is the language ambition speaks and not sacrifice both love and friendship. Friends, perhaps, will understand, they will know the job comes first. But the man you marry won't understand. How can he? It is ingrained in man's nature to believe, whether he knows it or not, that the marriage must come first, the man, the home, the children. And, after all, whether you agree or not, it is a pretty sound idea, for it is the idea which has kept the world turning for a number of centuries.

AND here's another case, an interesting one, which has nothing to do with love. It's the case of Garbo. If, as has been said, she suffers from that shyness, that authentic fear of people which is a disease to which the medical men have given the long term of agoraphobia, then her career must be a torture to her. Never to have any privacy save that for which she fights! Never to have any real holiday away from the

curious, save those spent in Sweden! She spent a while at home not long ago, didn't she? *But she came back.* Of course she came back! Ambition is a bright torch burning through her lovely body and in her strange eyes. She would rather suffer than give up that ambition.

But I am not concerned so much with the stars. I am concerned with the people who never reach headlines, and rarely get work, the people no one knows, the hundreds of people driven by ambition, who suffer and sweat and fail. The girls and boys who leave home, family, friends, jobs, for ambition. Who very often sacrifice moral standards to ambition. Who give up everything and get nowhere, martyrs to ambition, misguided, pathetic, tragic.

Ambition is good. It can be a clean flame. But never let it consume you. And I recently came to the conclusion, after reading many biographies of great people, that the happiest person in the world is the obscure person, living a balanced, hard-working, serene and normal life, the person whose ambition will never lead him or her into the dangerous byways and highways upon which so many great men and women, and men and women not so great, have been led; and upon which not a few of them have perished.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 8*)

MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia)

Excellent. Directed by the same master hand that turned out "Seventh Heaven," this film is another beautiful, poignantly human romance. A bouquet to Frank Borzage for another masterpiece.

Spencer Tracy plays Bill, the happy-go-lucky chap who works just long enough to provide himself with a roof over his head and a good meal now and then. Luxuries he knows nothing about. In the park, while feeding the pigeons, he meets Trina (Loretta Young). Her pathetic, "Wish I could get down there with the pigeons" softens his heart and he takes her to a restaurant and later to his shack in Shanty Town, which becomes their "castle." They marry . . .

Spencer Tracy gives a sincere, natural performance. He makes the character of Bill so real that you feel you have known him all your life. Loretta Young's Trina is her best. She gives a brilliant and inspired performance which she has never before equalled.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount)

Swelegant. A rollicking comedy, chuckful of delightful banter, amusing situations and perfectly grand acting. Ernst Lubitch's latest rates top in entertainment.

Gary Cooper, an artist, his playwright pal, Fredric March, and Miriam Hopkins, also artistically inclined, live together after first making a gentlemen's agreement that sex shall not en-

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ter into their design for living. All's well until March leaves and Gary and Miriam are thrown together—more closely. Miriam solves the problem by contending she's no gentleman so the agreement doesn't hold after all! When March returns, she realizes she loves him, too. So she runs off with Edward Everett Horton!

The four principals turn out delightful performances. Gary Cooper shows a surprising talent for comedy. He's excellent. Miriam Hopkins gets better and better. March is at his best and Horton delivers, as usual.

THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners)

Splendid. Another picture that deserves superlatives. It can be called the American "Cavalcade" and is placed in the same ranks as the original picture by that name. It is another triumph for Paul Muni who handles his role, which ranges from youth to old age, like a master.

BROADWAY THROUGH THE KEYHOLE (20th Century)

Entertaining. The first picture ever to come close to backing up sensational advance publicity. Hollywood says the front page headlines on the Jolson-Winchell fight were worth a million dollars. If so, the picture should be worth considerably more!

Story is about a gangster (Paul Kelly) in love with a night club entertainer (Constance Cummings). When their lives are endangered by his rivals, he sends her to Miami, where she meets and falls in love with Russ Colombo.

Kelly does some admirable work. Colombo is as good an actor as he is a singer, which is plenty good. And Constance Cummings, beautifully photographed, does her best to date.

Enter Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady" Contest!

(*Continued from page 43*)

of a Max Factor make-up kit. Sixth, five prizes of $10 each, And seventh, ten prizes of $5 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Now—where's the little chore you have to do to win one of those elegant prizes? Just turned back to pages 44 and 45. There you'll see a number of cut-up pictures. They are four scenes from Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Dancing Lady." You are to put the pictures together again, like Humpty-Dumpty, arrange or number them in the proper order (the order in which the scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." See the synopsis on page 45.)

Then, if you have not already put together the pictures in last month's MODERN SCREEN (December issue), look below on this page and also on page 96 and cut out those reproductions and arrange them in the correct order. All of these pictures—when in order—will tell the story of "Dancing Lady." Then, write a description of Joan Crawford—in ten words or less. Send the eight stills, together with your ten-word description of Joan Crawford to the Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

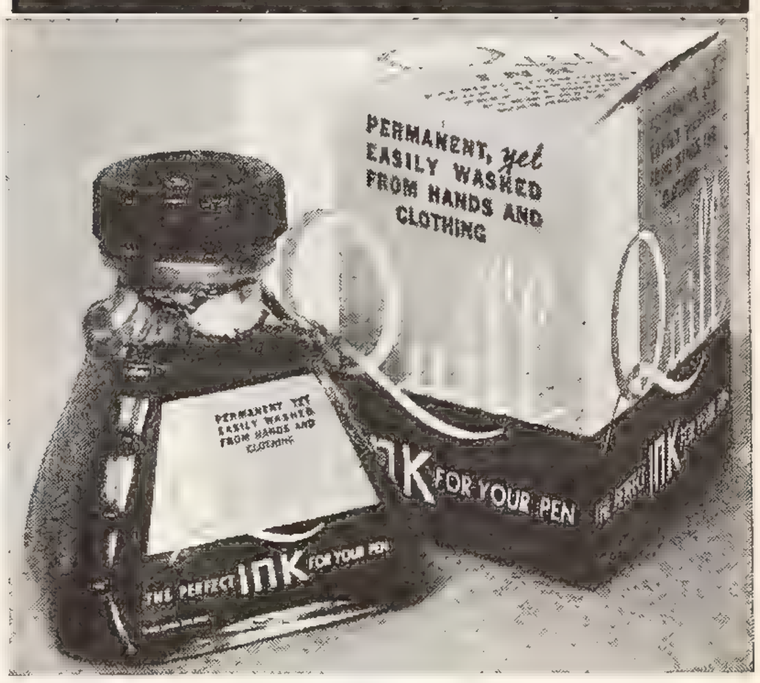
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50 other contestants won $5.00 each.

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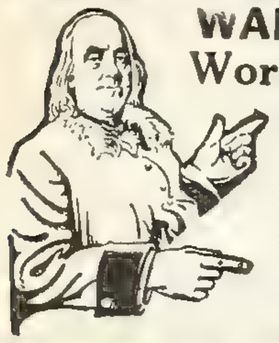
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SEALTEX

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 81)

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—Pep, action and excitement. **A good Western—kids will okay this one.**

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—Vigorous and dramatic action takes place when a crowd of high school kids take the law into their own hands. Charles Bickford, Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen are included in the excellent cast. **Extremely good picture—for young and old.**

● ● **THREE CORNERED MOON** (Paramount)—A family of snobbish, spoiled brats find out what real life is when their dear mama suddenly loses the whole family fortune. Claudette Colbert and Richard Arlen are the lovers. Mary Boland is the mother. Tom Brown, Wallace Ford and William Bakewell are in it, too. **A hilarious entertainer for everybody.**

● **TOO MUCH HARMONY** (Paramount)—Zip, pep and wisecracking tuned up with Bing Crosby's crooning. Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks complete the cast. **Worth seeing—kids will think so, too.**

TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount)—A Western dealing with family feuds. A boy and girl of enemy families love each other but are true to their traditions until everyone is killed off but themselves. Esther Ralston and Randolph Scott are the lovers. **Fair—only the young kids will enjoy the excitement of this Western.**

● ● **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** (M-G-M)—Which goes to prove you would never be any happier if you had your life to live over. One man gets just such a chance and finds out it is far from what he planned or expected. Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger and Mae Clarke. **Very good—too advanced for children under 16.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—A biographical sketch of the great writer, wit and cynic of the 18th century. George Arliss, Reginald Owen, Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—nothing in it for youngsters under 16.**

● ● **THE WAY TO LOVE** (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier as a carefree tramp of Paris whose chief and only ambition is to be a guide. Love interest develops when he rescues a little waif from her employer in a knife throwing act. **Excellent entertainment plus some knock-out musical numbers—for the whole family.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Two very intelligent and lovely women and two attractive men make this picture a delightful and most sophisticated love triangle. Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Frank Morgan are the triangle. Robert Montgomery and Alice Brady provide amusing comedy. **Be sure to see it—young folks under 16 won't understand it.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Story of a spoiled society deb and a young engineer. **Good—not for the tots.**

● **WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD** (Warners)—Bands of depression-hit youngsters who take to the highway when there are no jobs and their parents cannot support them. The tragedy of these youngsters make you stop and think for a moment. **See it and take the children—it will be good for them.**

● **THE WOMAN SPY** (RKO)—A thrilling and romantic war story. Connie Bennett as a Russian spy and Gilbert Roland as an Austrian spy fall desperately in love. Then they learn each other's identity. You will enjoy finding out the ending of this one for yourself. **Very good—not the kind for children under 16, though.**

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 79)

concentrate upon it, you'll find that you won't be nearly as tired at the end of a day.

Look at Dorothea Wieck again. She has obviously been interrupted by the cameraman in the reading of her letter or telegram or whatever it is. She had been leaning forward while she was reading. But notice *how* she leans forward. Her back is straight. She does not—as many of us do—slump in the middle and bend the shoulders and head forward.

NEXT, there is the little matter of holding the head up. Many otherwise good figures are spoiled by that ungraceful ducked-forward position of the head. Watch it—this winter—when you are tempted to shrivel down inside the collar of your coat, and avoid the cold. Watch it when you're reading or sewing—hold your book or your work up to *you*. Don't bring your head down to meet what you have in your hand. You see, pushing the head forward makes that little bone stick out on the back of your neck. Later on in years, when you may put on weight, that bump becomes covered with fat and makes a very ugly line. You've noticed it, surely on older women. Bad, isn't it?

Here are the posture exercises.

Stand facing a mirror, with your back against the wall—head, shoulders, buttocks and calves touching the wall. Knees should be easy and relaxed, not stiff. Now do the "growing tall' business. Return to original position. Stomach should be pulled in, of course. How do you look in that position? Better? Go through the following exercises five times each, every day for a week, and then check up on yourself again and see if you haven't improved.

Stand about eighteen inches from the wall. Place palms of hands on the wall, fingers pointing toward each other, elbows bent at shoulder height. Push against your hands with your body. At the same time resist the push with your arms. This strengthens and straightens backs.

Stand with the feet slightly apart. Drop your body, from the waist up, down, down, down—so that your head bobs against your knees. Swing your body—slightly—keeping relaxed—just as limp as a rag doll. Now begin to pull your upper body up. Begin the pull right at the base of your spine. Lift, lift, lift—very slowly—until you are back in standing position again. Stretch—hard—then relax. And repeat.

Sit down in a straight chair. Your stomach should be pulled in, your back lightly poised against the back of the chair, your head up. Now rise, without looking down at your feet, without changing the position of your upper body. Stretch, return to correct standing position and sit down again.

Stand and drop your head back—absolutely relaxed—between your shoulders. Rotate it in a complete circle—several times. If you feel dizzy, reverse the rotation.

There—as usual, I've talked too much. I promised to tell you about some new preparations, didn't I? And I've left myself very little space. So I'll have to make it short and snappy.

In the first place, there's a new miniature lipstick set—three lipsticks selling for the price of one good one—that ought to provide you with a lot of

fun. Three different shades—a gay one for daytime, a glamorous one for evening and a third one—for a change. Makes a nice gift package or prize, too.

There is a complete beauty kit available in the very reasonable price range. It contains all the essentials for freshening up—and making up—attractively packaged. The sizes are generous.

Then, there is a more expensive—but still reasonable—beauty kit containing fourteen beauty essentials in a very well-known brand. Very compact and convenient and the pouch container is gay and smart.

I've come across a paste rouge that is easy to apply. Really. Comes in an attractive pottery container and the grandest shades. Not cheap—but one purchase will last you a long time.

Have you noted down my new address? It's Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Cheerio!

I've Dressed Them All

(*Continued from page 63*)

She is always cold and shivering.

The first time we made clothes for her she stood for a fitting in an extremely décolléte evening dress. She was wearing a gold locket, about the size of a dollar.

"Of course, the dress will look better," I said to her, "without the locket—or perhaps a more elaborate necklace."

Sylvia smiled at me very sweetly, but answered firmly, "I *always* wear this locket with everything."

I still wanted to argue. "But not with an extreme evening dress like this. In the first place it would be out of character."

"It doesn't matter," she replied. "I have always worn it in every scene and I'd be afraid to take it off."

She never would tell me its sentimental significance, but I later learned that that locket had been the despair of every director for whom she has worked.

Sylvia does things which many people don't understand. Once she told me a strange thing that had happened to her.

One night she had been lonely and got into her roadster and went for a long drive. In a particularly deserted section of the country she ran out of gas. No one, these days, dares to stop at midnight when someone signals.

Sylvia stood for a long time, but dozens of cars passed her up. At last, when she had no success, she started to walk to the nearest town. A rickety old wagon caught up with her. She hailed the driver. Politely he stopped and waited for her to climb upon the seat beside him. It was not until they had started off that she realized she was sitting beside an old colored man. For miles the two rode together, chatting in the glow of a California moon. And he never knew who she was. I cannot imagine independent little Sidney being frightened of anything but a draught.

IT'S a curious thing about Ruth Chatterton. I know her well and am very fond of her, but I never call her anything but *Miss* Chatterton. It isn't that she is snooty. She just has a certain dignity that commands respect.

One afternoon about two years ago I went to Ruth Chatterton's house with a saleswoman, two of my mannequins and an assortment of our newest models. Her house was an ideal place in which to show clothes. The girls dressed in her bedroom upstairs, came down a winding stairway and made their entrance into the salon, where Miss Chatterton sat.

On this day there were two visitors present—Lois Wilson and Helen Hayes, whose first picture had but recently been released. They were about to leave when we arrived but, like most women, couldn't tear themselves away from the treat of an impromptu fashion show.

When a dress appeared, Helen Hayes would say, "Now, that's no good for me, but it would be just right for Lois." Or Lois would say, "There's a good dress for you, Ruth." Once Miss Chatterton said, "That's the kind of thing I've always loved, but I don't dare wear it. My husband hates to see too much bare back—and there's practically *no* back in that."

Ruth Chatterton is one of my greatest favorites. That old word "intelligent" is so often loosely thrown about, but it is the only word which defines Chatterton's attitude toward everything with which she comes in contact. She has the logical reasoning of a business man and is rarely wrong in her decisions. She is inordinately fond of two widely divergent things—travel and the peace and quiet of home-life. She likes people for their accomplishments and for what's inside their heads, which has made a great many people who can do nothing and who think about nothing, believe she is a snob.

It is quite a jump in personalities from Ruth Chatterton to Mae Murray, but both names appear in my book. Mae Murray hasn't been in pictures for a long time but she keeps her name in print for it seems as if she is always being sued or is suing someone.

She made a long-to-be-remembered visit to my shop. She was sent by a studio to choose a chiffon dinner gown. She found a dress she liked and asked to have it copied in black, in white and in a color.

WHEN Miss Murray came for her first fitting she gave orders that no underslips were to be made. She informed the fitter that she was not going to wear a slip, but a brassiere and pair of trunks, spangled with sequins! That practically threw the fitter into a



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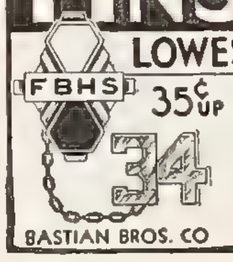


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case of nervous prostration, but since Miss Murray was the customer, she did not argue.

At first fittings the wisps of material are always held together with basting threads and pins, so that changes can be easily made. The fitter changed her pins on one side, taking in the dress where it needed to be taken in. She then moved around to the other side and began alterations.

Slowly, methodically and for the moment unknown to the fitter, Miss Murray began pulling out the pins and dropping them to the floor. The fitter began to wonder why the dress sagged and crawled on her knees to the side she had first worked on.

Unable to believe her eyes and thinking, perhaps, that she was going mad she saw no pins in that side at all. Again she did not question—just put more pins in. During this time, Miss Murray was busy taking out the pins on the other side, so that the fitter was going around in circles trying to put the pins in faster than Miss Murray could pull them out. The episode remains the high point in my fitter's career and yet it is not so mad as it sounds for, I have known women who liked to do their own fitting. It is, I suppose, a form of back-seat driving, a mania which eventually sends the real driver into a lamp post.

Joan Crawford is probably the most thoughtful person who has ever come into my shop. So many stars have their secretaries call and say, "Please send some dresses out for Miss X to try on this evening." Others are considerate enough to send their own chauffeurs for the things. But often when the clothes are returned there is not so much as a little note saying, "I'm sorry but none of the dresses suited me." Sometimes the chauffeur is not even given a message to deliver. He simply dumps the gown—wrinkled and turned inside out—upon a chair.

Joan goes to the other extreme. She even sends regrets when she finds that she will be unable to attend a public opening to which she has been invited.

I know that Joan has changed a lot in the last five years, but she has always been a thoughtful person. Years ago she was sent to the shop to pose in some of my gowns for publicity purposes. She was much more excitable then than she is now. She had less poise. Her hair was bobbed short and she had a cute tom-boyish way of tossing her head but even then she was patient and did not complain during the task of getting from one dress to another, waiting for lights to be shifted and cameras set up. Afterwards she asked me to pose with her and now one of my most prized possessions is a picture of the two of us with Joan—in this day of long skirts—looking almost grotesque in the sadly "dated" frock of five years ago. (See page 62.)

I'VE dressed numbers of opera stars but Lily Pons is the most glamorous and dynamic. I know she isn't a movie star and perhaps the editor will bawl me out for including her here, but I feel that enough people have heard her over the radio to be interested in her.

Lily is a great shock at first because one thinks of opera singers as being robust and dramatic. Pons is very tiny—I think her actual weight is a hundred and five pounds—and she is as quiet and as shy as a mouse.

She was brought into my shop by Jetta Goudal and all during that session the two of them conversed in French. I designed a dress for Mlle. Pons to wear at her Los Angeles concert and, after the order had been placed and the measurements taken, we discovered that none of the dummy figures—upon which the clothes are draped—were small enough.

When the dress was finished I sent one of my fitters to the theatre so that she could see that everything was all right before Mlle. Pons stepped on the concert stage.

This is a little honor which we usually save for brides—having the fitter who made the bridal dress on hand to pat into place the last fold of the bridal train.

Mlle. Pons came back after her first series of songs and said to my fitter, "But I cannot find my voice. I do not know what is wrong." To the audience, her voice was as brilliant as usual, but there did seem to be a change during the second half of the program. Pons became radiant and sang so beautifully that the audience almost stampeded toward the stage.

When she finished the concert she came back to her dressing-room and sank down upon a chair. She confessed, to my fitter, that during each concert she often lost as much as five pounds—from worry and exertion!

* * * * * *

Next month Howard Greer continues his fascinating memoirs. Almost every star in Hollywood—the great, the near-great and the once-great—has crossed the threshold of Greer's shop. Now he's confessing all the secrets of the fitting-room. Don't miss it!

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For Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and others, the stars hold some happiness, some dire misfortune in the next year.

Read about it—in Dareos' Prophecy for 1934.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Clara Bow Goes Garbo

(*Continued from page 13*)

When she was in man-trouble it was some unknown man who had, shabbily, passed himself off as unmarried.

This luscious, red-headed, brown-eyed girl never goes to parties, never gives them. She said to me, "I don't know how to act when I'm with people I don't know awfully well. I feel self-conscious. I feel embarrassed.

"I don't say, 'I tank-I-go-home.' I just go home and stay there. That's where I like to be best of all. *I always do what I like to do.* I always obey my own impulses, my own instincts, my own desires. I don't know whether this is commendable or not. I don't care. I used to care. I'd be hurt when unkind things were said about me and written about me and plenty have been. Now, I am simply leading my own life in my own way and I can't help *what* people say about me.

"I like to be home because there I can be myself. I never wear make-up off the screen. I wear old clothes. I never curl my hair. I don't care how I look. I've just learned that, from now on, I'll have to wear glasses. An astigmatism. I don't care about the glasses. I do care because I may not be able to read very much any more.

"I always go to bed at ten o'clock. I've never found anything worth staying up for after that. If we ever do anything at all we have a couple of old friends in for bridge or rummy. I love the few really old friends I have. *I can't make new ones. I've lost the knack.*" (Ah, Garbo!)

"A man from the Fox publicity company happened in on me the other night. He found me as is, without make-up of any sort, neither mascara nor lipstick nor rouge. My hair was straight. I had a house dress on. *He didn't know me.* My eye-lashes are long, you see, but rather pale. My eyebrows are light, too. I haven't much color in my lips. The result was that he told me I looked like some young school-marm or the wife of a local Babbitt. I know that I bear, in real life, *no physical resemblance to the Clara Bow of the screen.* This goes for more ways than the merely physical——"

ON the set where Garbo works at M-G-M there is that sign which reads NO VISITORS. It means what it says, that sign. Madge Evans, also on the Metro lot, recently stumbled by mistake onto the Garbo set. And Madge or no Madge, she was forcibly and forthwith ejected.

On the Fox set where Clara Bow works there is the same sign—and it means what it says, too. It is as fearfully and as scrupulously observed as ever the Garbo sign was, or is.

Clara said to me, "I really hate to talk about things like these because I know people will say I am trying to copy Garbo. Nothing could be farther from the truth. If I tried to copy anyone it would be, more typically, Mae West. Certainly I've always done her sort of thing on the screen, more or less. I've always been like this, only—I haven't always been able to have my own way.

"I simply have to have, I absolutely demand *privacy* before the camera. When a scene is finished in my picture, when the other players have said their last lines they must leave the set immediately and stay away until they are needed again. If I could work with a troupe of robots I'd like it better and give better performances.

"I like all of my fellow players. It isn't that. Preston Foster, who plays the spieler with me in 'Hoopla,' is a grand person. Richard Cromwell who plays my sweetheart is a lamb. And Minna Gombel is a pal of mine—but I can't have them watching me while I work. I like the extras and the electricians, too, but I do not want them peeking at me. Their eyes would tear holes in whatever I was trying to do. If a stranger comes on the set, I go cold all over. I can't 'give' one single thing. We tried it for one whole day at the beginning of the picture and it was one of the most miserable days I ever lived through—I *had* to 'go Garbo' and put down my foot, both feet, on any more visitors of any sort or kind.

"I think the basic reason for this is—not that I am temperamental—but that I am telepathic. I always have been and I've always known it. I've studied mysticism for a long while and I know what I'm talking about. *I can tune in on the thoughts of other people.* I've been able to do this, to some extent, ever since my childhood. When I am surrounded by a crowd, particularly when I am working, I get the thoughts of the spectators as easily as I can tune in on a radio station.

I'M making these statements to you now because I may never say them again. I may never say anything again—for publication. I don't know. I never know what I am going to do from day to day or from week to week. That's why I wouldn't sign a contract for more than two pictures at any one time on any one lot for all the money in the world. I can't depend on myself, how can I hope or want any company to depend on me? I walked out on 'Hoopla' for a week. I'm apt to do the same thing tomorrow, I simply have to feel free, to come and go, to work when I want to work, to be idle when I want to be idle. I have to feel independent. The usual arguments can't prevail with me. I mean, if some agent or some producer tells me that I should do such and such a story, whether I like it or not, because 'it would do me good,' I won't do it. The kind of 'good' they mean doesn't mean anything to me. Fame. Money. Publicity.

"I never go to openings because I'm afraid of crowds. Though I did go to 'Hoopla.' After all, I had a right to be curious about that. But there was



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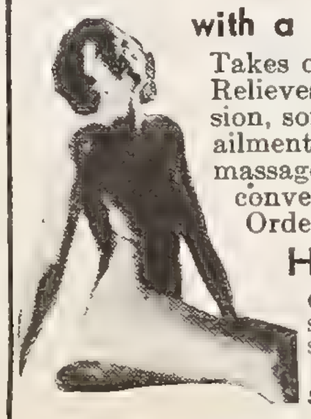
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that telepathic fear again. I nearly die of embarrassment. I hate to stand in a theatre lobby and autograph albums.

"I never go to movies. *I've seen one picture in the past two years.* And that one was Mae West's 'She Done Him Wrong.' I only saw that because I happened to be at Mr. Sheehan's house one night and he ran it in his private projection room.

"I don't go to movies chiefly because *I'm afraid I'd lose what I have.* I mean, I'm a natural mimic and I know that if I saw a Katharine Hepburn or any star do some particular bit of business, use certain mannerisms, I'd copy them. I always do. If someone comes to our house and spends the evening and talks in a deep voice I go about with a baritone for days afterwards. Then, too, my yen for the old days and the old ways and the old stars comes in again. I used to love Norma and Constance Talmadge and Florence Vidor and Valentino and all of them. I miss them. I can't make new friends—even on the screen. There, too, I've lost the knack.

"I don't care anything about money. I don't know anything about it. I like to have enough to feed my dogs properly and to have a few nice, pretty dresses. *That's absolutely all I expect from life.*

"I'm crazy about my little boy cousin who is living with me. I hope to keep him for always and I will unless he gets homesick. I like to talk to him, to play games with him, to make friends with him. At first he felt about me as I feel about other people, strangers. He'd never met me until I took him. He'd heard me talked about as an actress. He's seen me on the screen. He couldn't get used to—me. It was hard for him to forget the screen me and be natural and at ease with the real me. I'll feel more sheer triumph out of making this boy feel close to me than I could possibly feel out of any screen achievement or triumph. I'd love to have kids of my own for the best of all possible reasons—I love 'em.

"I've got what I want out of life. I've got things arranged the way I like them. I never have to go anywhere. I never have to meet people. I work only when I feel like working. I haven't 'gone Garbo'—I've gone Bow and now I can—and will—*stay here.*"

Could You "Take It"?

(*Continued from page 47*)

"I don't think Groucho really expected it, either. He stood there looking down at me, absolutely speechless, and with tears running down his cheeks from suppressed laughter!

"When the scene was finished, I didn't say a word. Just walked away from him and up to my dressing room. He followed, apologizing between chuckles.

"'Tootsie,' he insisted, 'that was an accident. I didn't think I could do it. Honest, Tootsie, I swear it was my new shoes!"

Do you remember the scene at the bridge game with Harpo and Chico, that ends in a free-for-all?

"Every time we played that scene, Harpo managed to throw me about four feet. One night, I threw first, and down he went! It was very pretty. Climbing back on his feet, he rushed for me and we went into a clinch.

"'Gosh, Toots!' he hissed over my shoulder. 'Don't be so rough!'"

HARPO, Miss Dumont assures me, is the most mischievous of the lot. One evening, he received an unexpected invitation to a masquerade. It was too late to rent a costume and he wanted to go badly. What to do?

After the show, Miss Dumont went to her dressing room to change into street clothes. There were no street clothes. Immediately realizing what had happened, she grabbed a dressing gown and dashed out. Harpo, wearing her dress, hat, and slippers, was just hurrying out the stage door!

"Harpo!" she called excitedly. "You come back here! My dress. . . !"

"Yeh," the culprit grinned with beautiful nonchalance. "It's a little long, isn't it? But it'll do. Thanks." And he kept on his merry way.

"Come back here!" she begged. "What do you suppose I'm going to wear home?"

"You've got a fur coat, haven't you?" Harpo tossed over his shoulder. "That'll cover you. Don't be fussy, Toots." And he was gone. Leaving the statuesque Miss Dumont to get home as best she could, wearing a flimsy pair of wardrobe pumps and with nothing but a lacy slip under the none-too-long fur coat!

"I can't get angry with them," she confided, as we sat in her dressing room on the Paramount lot. "They're just like a bunch of school boys. Not in the least malicious. Everything they do is in the spirit of fun and I always try to be a good sport, even though I generally get the worst of it. Honestly, I enjoy every minute of it!"

They were rehearsing a scene in "Duck Soup," their most recent production. Groucho is on his knees before Miss Dumont, proposing to her—as he usually is. Chico enters, looking for Groucho.

"Oh . . . there you are!" Chico explains. And, during the several rehearsals, Groucho merely turned quickly, giving the intruder a startled look.

But, in the recorded shot, at Chico's "Oh . . . there you are!" Groucho took a flying jump into Miss Dumont's lap, nearly knocking the surprised lady over.

Everyone on the set doubled up in soundless hysterics. But one member of the crew could not contain himself. He turned loose a rousing guffaw that nearly shattered the sound mechanism

and, of course, ruined the take.

Life, on a Mad Marx Brothers' production, is just full of those things.

Not all the horseplay occurs on the set, however. When they were coming out from New York, they kept the entire train in an uproar.

One evening, Miss Dumont was in her drawing room, preparing to retire, when the door burst open and three of the pajama-ed brothers, Groucho, Harpo and Chico, fell in. Ignoring the lady's protests, they all piled into her single berth and settled themselves for the night!

Tootsie begged, pleaded, cajoled, and even called in a porter but, through it all, the harum-scarum brothers snored away peacefully.

"When they make up their minds to cut a caper," Miss Dumont raised helpless hands, "you might as well resign yourself to the inevitable! Cross them and they only redouble their efforts!"

The "Duck Soup" company rented a beautiful Pasadena estate for some impressive exterior shots in the picture. The wealthy and genteel owner kept a watchful eye on proceedings, from a safe distance.

Between shots, Miss Dumont and Groucho rested in two comfortable chairs on the verandah. Suddenly, Groucho flung a leg across Tootsie's knees.

"Scratch my leg!" he murmured wearily.

At the other end of the verandah, the owner observed the indignity with amazed eyes.

"If I had refused," Tootsie deplored, "Groucho would simply have shouted: 'What's the idea? You've scratched it before. Don't be coy, Tootsie!' So—I scratched it!"

Her embarrassment was not lessened in the least, when she heard the dignified owner remark to a servant:

"You see what's going on over there? That's why show people have such bad reputations!"

A great many people are under the impression that Miss Dumont is Groucho's wife. Such is not the case. When the company made a personal appearance in Detroit, a local paper carried an article verifying their "marriage," in private life.

That night, Miss Dumont, commenting on the story, remarked that it was a trifle embarrassing.

"Embarrassing?" Groucho exclaimed. "I've just written a story about my wife and the magazine's running a picture of her. I'm liable to be hung for bigamy!"

Miss Dumont wouldn't change places with Greta Garbo. Life, with the Marx Brothers is, verily, a psychopathic shambles. But—thanks to a grand sense of humor—she can take it!



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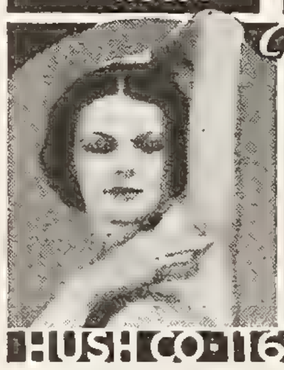


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How a Star Was Created

(*Continued from page 50*)

been lenient with its stars and given them the privilege of selecting their vehicles, much grief had resulted.

Margaret cocked her pert little head with its mass of wavy brown hair and eyed me suspiciously. "Now you're making a noise like a motion picture executive," she said, "and we know each other much too well to hand out lines."

I knew that no amount of persuasion would alter her attitude. I knew that she had already turned down offers from Paramount and Columbia because of the long-term contract bugaboo. She would rather remain on the stage for one-tenth of the salary she would earn in pictures than be handed parts for which she was unsuited. Naturally I was aware of the fact that Junior Laemmle would never agree to such an arrangement as the adamant Miss Sullavan was demanding, especially from an unknown player, but so convinced was I that this girl had the stuff of which great screen stars are made that I decided to spend some of the company's money in testing her.

"What's the use of wasting the money?" she said. "They won't take me and, besides, if they do want me, they will have to accept me at my terms and I'll have to know what part I'm going to play first."

I CEASED arguing and began to tell her what I had up my sleeve. I told her about a part as big in emotional scope as "Madelon Claudet"—the part of the heroine in "Only Yesterday." I began to tell her the story and as I went on describing scene after scene she dropped her casual air and became intensely interested. When I was finished she was on her feet, enthusiastically asking if she could play the part. I told her I was not sure, but it was my fondest hope that she would play it; that aside from Helen Hayes (whom the studio could not obtain), she was the one person who could do it.

Like the good little trouper that she is, Margaret took home scenes from "Only Yesterday" and studied them day and night. Finally the test was made and it was truly magnificent, because Margaret had put her heart and soul into it. I wired Laemmle, Jr. A few days later, after the test had been sent out to the studio, Junior wired me to start negotiations with Miss Sullavan. However, John Stahl, the famous director of a number of pictures, "Back Street" among them, was not thoroughly convinced that Margaret was the right heroine for "Only Yesterday." He would not agree to her as a final selection until she had come to the coast for additional tests. So eager was Margaret to do the picture and so imbued was she with my confidence that she would secure the part, that—wonder of wonders—she left for Universal City.

It was no surprise to me when two

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29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
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weeks later I heard from the studio that Margaret had come through her additional tests with flying colors and was set for the leading role in "Only Yesterday." Her contract provided that she was to do that film and one other picture, the story of which she must approve. The contract contained additional options, but in every instance she had partial approval of her stories and furthermore, it contained a clause giving her the privilege of returning to New York and appearing in one Broadway play each season. Quite an unusual contract for a totally unknown stage player, yet it was the only one Margaret Sullavan would sign and Universal needed her so much that they quickly acceded to her demands. If they had not come to terms Margaret would have just as readily kept on playing in the theatre and possibly gone into some stock company for the summer, as she had done in seasons past, at a weekly salary of twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. She worked fourteen weeks in "Only Yesterday" and earned $25,000.

HER attitude is difficult for the layman to understand. It is totally impossible for picture executives to comprehend. They do not seem to realize that an actress, if she is truly an artist and sincere about her work and her career, must have the satisfaction of appearing in roles which give her pleasure and an opportunity to develop. Margaret means to get to the very top of the acting profession. Money itself holds no lure for her and in her efforts to acquire the place she already has in the theatre she has undergone struggle and privation—and would cheerfully do so again.

The daughter of Cornelius Hancock Sullavan, a broker, and Garland Councill, a lovely Southern belle, Margaret made her first appearance in Norfolk, Virginia, on May 16, 1911.

Even in her early days at the Walter Taylor grammar school, the redoubtable Peggy had determined upon becoming an actress. She kept her ambition pretty much of a secret because her parents had a holy horror of stage folks.

They spent money lavishly on her education and fondly hoped that when she was "finished" she would marry one of the nice young men who beaued her about. To this end they sent her successively to St. Georges private school, Chatham Episcopal Institute and finally to Sullin College at Bristol, Va., where Margaret majored in art, dramatics and studied dancing.

After she had finished at Sullin's, Margaret calmly announced that she was going on the stage. Her father and mother stormed and protested to no avail. They found they could not break down her determination.

Finally, they effected a sort of compromise and Margaret was permitted to go to the Copley Theatrical School in Boston. She was an exceptional pupil and worked industriously day and night to learn all she could about the technique of acting. E. E. Clive, the director, was so pleased with her sincere efforts that he helped her secure a job with the University Theatre at Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

About this time, her father and mother worried themselves sick over the idea of their daughter prancing about on a stage, and they decided to take drastic action. They appeared in Cape Cod and practically forced her to come home.

Without funds, as she had earned practically nothing from the Cape Cod engagement, and without further support from her folks, a strangely silent Margaret Sullavan returned to Norfolk and spent one solid year as a dutiful daughter.

It took that year for Margaret to convince her parents that her place was in the theatre. Rather hopelessly, they finally recapitulated in the face of her continued and persistent pleadings and soon thereafter Margaret was on her way to rejoin the University players in New York. Later on in the season she was engaged by Brock Pemberton to go on a tour of the South as Isobel Parry in "Strictly Dishonorable."

TO retrace our steps a bit . . .

While she was at Cape Cod, there was a young actor in the company by the name of Henry Fonda who fell madly in love with her. He was tall, dark, slender and he more than appealed to Margaret.

Because their interests were the same, because they felt that together they could rise to the heights, they made the mistake of believing they were ideally mated. They were married. Now they are divorced. No one quite knows why.

Margaret's eyes grow soft and misty when she speaks of Henry and she always praises him in the highest terms and he speaks tenderly of her and is deeply sorry that they could not make a success of it. Neither will say more than that. No one will ever know whether it was just another case of a youthful romance gone on the rocks, or if it was the age-old problem in the theatre—that of two artists unable to remain married because of professional jealousies in their work.

And now Margaret Sullavan has put all thought of marriage aside until her career has reached the lofty heights to which she is gravitating. Romance thrills her and there is another man at the present who holds her admiration and respect and possible love. But her career comes first.

While she was in Hollywood during the making of "Only Yesterday," she did not engage a swanky mansion in Beverly Hills with a series of hot and cold running servants, marble swimming pools and cooks imported from Paris. Instead, she lived very modestly and quietly in an apartment in the Garden of Allah, which in spite of its name, is really a very sedate hotel with community swimming pool and tennis court.

INTENSELY disliking the manner of picture making because of the long tedious "takes" and "retakes," the dreary and uncomfortable business of trying to emote under hot lights, Margaret was, however, resigned to her fate and because she liked her part she put her whole heart and soul into it and tried hard not to complain. However, one day she and John Stahl, the director, had a fierce argument and Margaret

determined to leave the place and the picture flat. She walked off the set, leaped into her battered old Ford, drove to the Garden of Allah, packed her belongings, drew her money out of the bank and was engaging passage on an airplane to fly East when a perspiring Universal official caught up with her and literally, on his bended knees, begged her to return.

The upshot of it all was that Margaret did return. And won her point, apparently, because after this incident she and Stahl worked together amicably.

In spite of Margaret Sullavan's firm conviction that she will never make a popular screen star, it is my opinion that "Only Yesterday" will bring an immense public to her feet. In spite of what Margaret has to say against herself, a new star *has* been born to sit in the starry firmament beside such foremost and outstanding luminaries as Garbo, Hepburn, Hayes and other glittering goddesses of the cinema whose astounding salaries you help to pay.

We predict that the little Southern girl who fought so hard to become an actress, and whose ancestors way back in Ireland turned Episcopalian and changed the family name to Sull*a*van in defiance of the banshees or something, will not stand for long in bewilderment and wonder at the thing which has happened to her. After she has carefully thought it out with her good sound reasoning, she will, like her ancestors, defy the banshees of doubt and take her rightful place on the screen.

No Romance Ballyhoo, Please!

(*Continued from page 15*)

The frantic manager trailed them shouting, "What is the meaning of this?"

"I'll tell you," said Frances, "if one word is said about Joel and me and our feelings for each other, or mention is made of 'another Hollywood romance,' neither of us will set foot on this stage. We are willing for the master of ceremonies to say anything about our careers or what he thinks of us personally—but no romance ballyhoo."

And what's more, she meant it and has gone on meaning it. They won't have pictures taken holding hands, no interviewer has been able to get a story "Love As We See It," not a single pet name has been published. And when the studio suggested a film story in which they would co-star—because it would be such a "natural" tied up with their private life romance—both Frances and Joel vowed they would tear up their contracts first.

DOES Frances think ballyhoo romances in the past have turned out badly or does she believe that her private life is her own and nobody else's business? This is what she says:

"It isn't that I feel Hollywood love has been talked about too much or that my private life is my own business. I don't believe any actress can think that. We are public servants, working for the entertainment of the public and they are rightly entitled to know as many of the details of our private lives as we can tell them.

"That's just the point with me. I can't tell anything that is close to me. It just isn't my nature. Ever since I was a little girl, I've found it impossible to communicate things that belong to my inner self. Not even to my mother or my closest friend have I mentioned how I feel about Joel. The giving of confidence is something I have never learned. And if this is true with my most intimate friends, how could I possibly discuss for publication what is close to my heart?"

Though Frances would tell you nothing of this, the McCrea romance started at the studio during the filming of "The Silver Cord."

And somehow Hollywood knew that this was different from the other McCrea romances. He has been Hollywood's official beau for years. He has escorted almost every glamorous, exciting star in the colony to openings, to the Mayfair, to the Cocoanut Grove. But all the time that he was playing Beau Brummel he was stoutly maintaining, "I'll never marry an actress. Those glamorous women are exciting to take around. It's thrilling to be seen with them. And I've found them grand company and very regular people. But no actress is the type of girl I'd marry."

Shortly after he met Frances he said (and didn't have any idea he was giving away a romance secret), "Of course, I would marry an actress if I could find a girl who would share my views of not leading a Hollywood life. If she would be content to live on my new ranch and forget there was such a place as Hollywood after the day's work was done. If she wouldn't be swayed into doing exactly what everyone else was doing just because 'it was being done.' If I were lucky enough to find such a girl, I would certainly beg her to marry me, for I would know that she would be one in a million."

He didn't realize, when he was saying this, that everyone knew he was giving a perfect picture of Frances.

And now they are married. And now they are back in Hollywood. And still they are stoutly sticking to their original code—no romance ballyhoo.

And, maybe I'm just an old romanticist, but I feel, somehow, as if this marriage has a better chance than most of those Hollywood weddings. Both Frances and Joel are so sane, so sensible and—whether they'll tell you about it or not—so much in love.

All you have to do is to look at their faces when they look at each other to know that. They don't have to pose for pictures in each other's arms to prove it.



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The Private History of a Crooner

(*Continued from page 31*)

jackets in town. His preference in hats ran to straws with bright bands. Even before his grammar school days were over, Dick Powell was a leading "jelly bean."

HE had been graduated from grade school with the highest honors they could confer. He was pledged to the P. I. E., which meant (believe it or not) Perfect in Everything. And do not think that this honor sat lightly on him. Combined with the thrill of his first pair of long trousers, it developed such a case of swelled head on the Powell shoulders that he flunked all four subjects during his first half year in high school!

Gone were those days of tender musings, philosophy and ambition. Mrs. Powell's little boy was himself again as he rounded the corner into sixteen—a very cocksure young gentleman who considered himself quite the largest "spud" that ever hung around a drug-store corner and watched the girls go by. It was his own private opinion that he was quite a devil with the ladies. The fact that he could get his father's car every evening greatly increased his popularity with the local belles. Though it never occurred to the head-swollen Dick that it was the car, not the boy that went over so big.

ONE evening, parked cozily on the side of a road that lead out of Little Rock, a pretty little blonde nestled in the crook of his arm, Sheik Powell tilted back his head and began to sing softly to the moon—or was it to the lady? It sounded so good, even to him, that he repeated the chorus several times. "Say," remarked the little blonde, "you sing real well. Did anybody ever tell you?"

Practically the same idea had been dawning pleasantly upon Dick. No, strictly speaking, no one had ever thought anything about his voice.

The idea that he might actually have a voice was so novel and pleasing to the young man, that he perfunctorily kissed the blonde good-night and returned home to mull over the possibilities it presented.

The day following Armistice Day he was kicked out of high school. He and a couple of other fellows had swiped a car for the purpose of riding in the parade. The school simply couldn't get it through their head that they were planning to return the vehicle. So out they went. Because several football stars were among those kicked out, they decided to organize their own professional football club. A club which advocated smoking for football players—just to spite the coaches.

Dick's father was furious and his mother broken-hearted at the action the school elders had taken. When they heard additional news that their pride and joy was not only out of school by invitation but was actually a member of the Smoking Football Team (professionals at that), they nearly died of humiliation.

"Your conduct is making your mother frantic," stormed Powell *père* as he strode up and down in front of his son. "Are you going to spend the rest of your life getting in and out of mischief? Haven't you any ambition?"

"I'd kinda like to sing," he offered softly, lest this wild suggestion should bring a premature stroke on his already angry father.

"Sing?" repeated Mr. Powell in amazement. "Can you sing?"

"I think I could if I studied. . . . I mean. . . . I think maybe it might be something to occupy me now that I've been kicked out of. . . . I mean now that I have so much spare time on my hands. Maybe I could get a job singing in the choir . . . or something."

That crack about the choir had merely been a shot in the dark—a reference of "refinement" which might pacify his family. Not only did it pacify them, but his pleased mother and father actually promoted a choir job!

It was the beginning of Dick Powell's singing career in Little Rock. Every Sunday morning his clear tenor voice rang out over the Presbyterian congregation ($15 per Sunday). Every Friday night he sang at the Jewish Synagogue which netted him $10 and on Wednesdays at the Scottish Rite Consistory for another $10. Besides these, there would be an occasional funeral or wedding which meant $5 a song.

HIS church singing was proving very lucrative. Money was coming easy to young Powell. Truly, he was becoming a man-about-Little Rock. He went to dances at the Capital Hotel, sent his girl friends corsages, bought a saxophone and played in the jazz band.

He became so ambitious that he actually wanted a daytime job—and got it with the Cox Grocery Company. He did so well by the grocery company he was offered the management of one of their branch stores, but by this time a job with "more dignity" had presented itself and Dick turned it down. For one entire summer he was secretary-office boy to Gilbert T. Owens, state senator. When fall came on he was so burning with ambition that he consented to enroll in the Little Rock College Catholic Military School, where he played in the band and studied voice.

Vacation time came and Dick once more found himself a daytime job at the power house. Though his first work consisted of drilling holes through concrete, he was later promoted to testing meters. Evenings, he would sing at public places and once he even organized his own jazz band called the Peter Pan Orchestra. "It was," he says, "as lousy as it sounds."

But bad as it was, Dick's singing attracted the attention of a small time booking agent who arranged for him to make a trip to St. Louis in a real honest-to-goodness professional theatre. Along with the act went two other local Little Rock "artists," the Allen Sisters.

They departed in a blaze of glory for St. Louis. It was the biggest moment of young Powell's life.

Came the big night of his first theatrical debut!

Of course, an open air picture show wasn't exactly what he had planned for himself—but anyway, it was a theatre and beginners couldn't be too choosey, he assured himself.

So he sang and sang well. By the time he finished he could hear the burst of applause in advance! They'd probably go crazy about him (he decided) as he drawled out that last "you." He finished . . . he bowed . . . and he waited!

Exactly *three* sets of bored hands applauded. He swears he counted them. Just three . . . and a very feeble three.

It wasn't until later, discouraged and blue, in his dressing-room that he discovered they had been holding a singing contest at that same theatre for three weeks . . . and those folks were just all worn out with singing, good or otherwise. The manager was sympathetic. He said, "Kid, don't feel bad. You've really got a future. You'll get along."

But for the moment the cocky Mr. Powell was defeated!

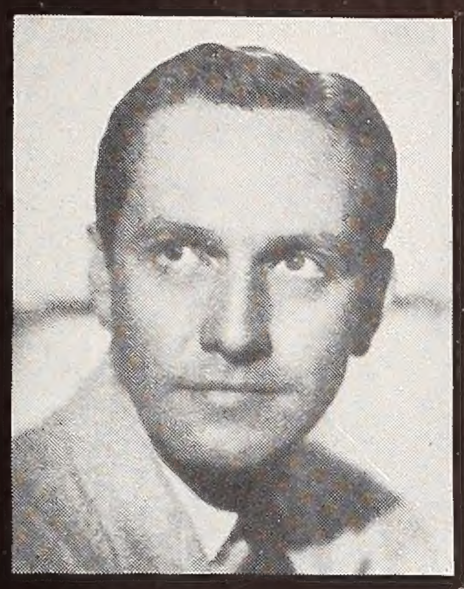
It was years later that Dick Powell of "Forty-second Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933" fame returned in person to that same theatre and met that same manager. Only now it is the largest picture show in St. Louis and Dick Powell was getting $3500 per week for his personal appearance there.

Don't miss the second installment of Dick Powell's fascinating life story. Read how he loves—and loses love. Read the inside story of his amazing rise to overwhelming success. And—is there another romance? In our next issue!

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6. **Tarzan and His Mate**—Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan
7. **Meet the Baron**—Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Zasu Pitts
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9. **Female**—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent
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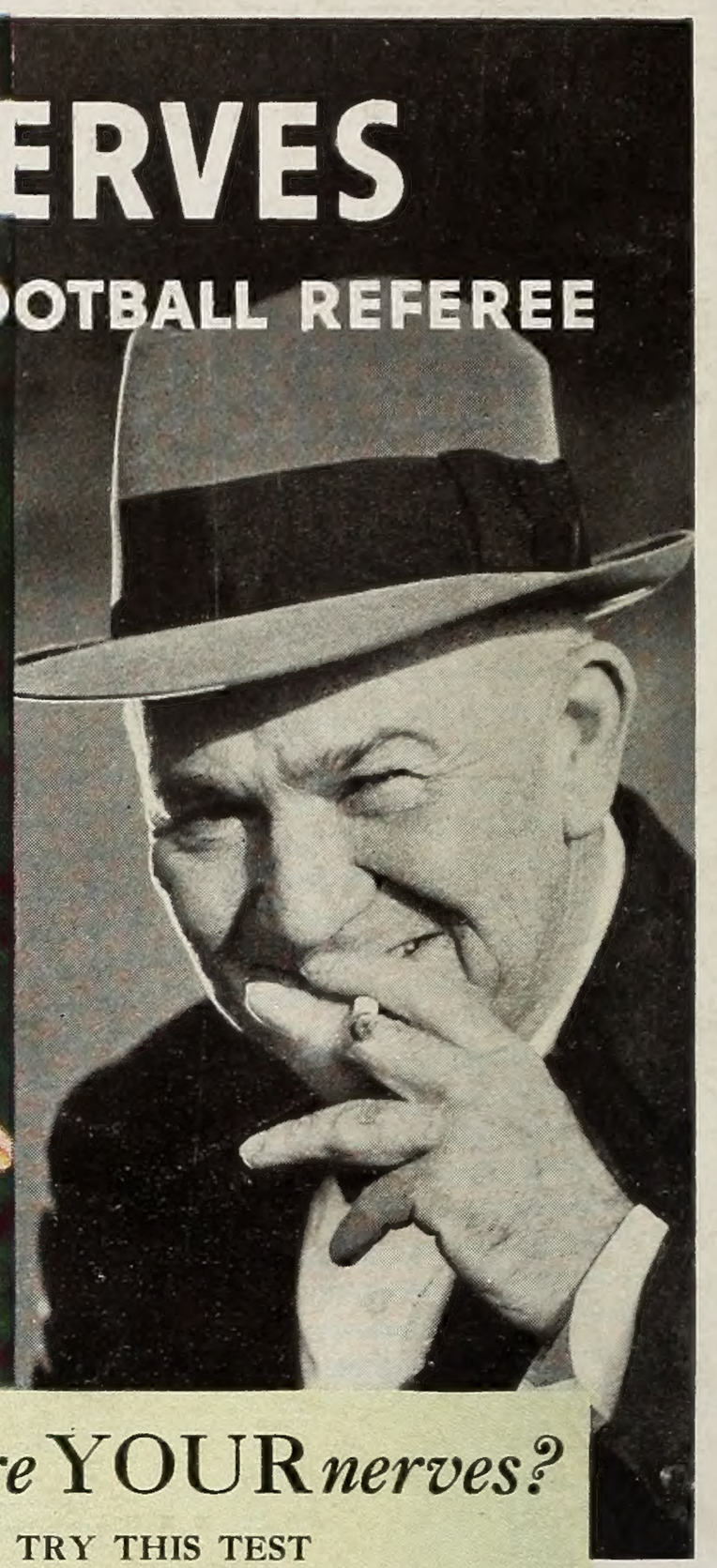
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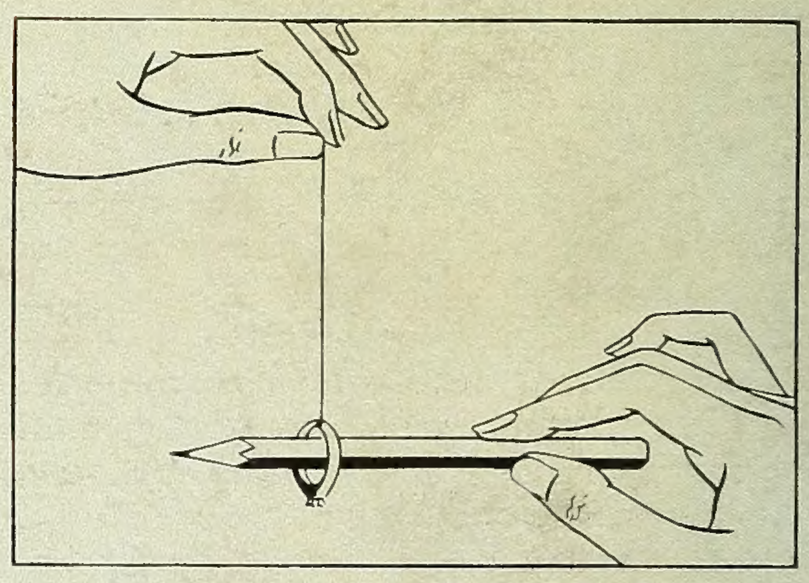




(*Above*) **IF YOU WANT TO SEE** nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!

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Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up... and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the longer I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

☼ ☼ ☼

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous... irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

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IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



—THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES